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CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

THE picture which we give on this page is that charming little scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Choosing the Wedding Gown," as painted by MULREADY, and now among the treasures of South Kensington Museum, England.

It is twenty years ago that this picture was at the Academy Exhibition a constant source of surprise as well as delight. MULREADY had then been for above forty years an exhibiter at the Academy, yet here was a painting by him as fresh and unanticipated in conception and treatment as though the work of an unknown man. No symptom about it of mental torpor, of failing hand or eye, but full of life and spirit, as effective at a distance as when seen close, in color of gem-like depth and lustre, and in execution the perfection of unobtrusive finish. And that fair face—one such as youthful poets dream of, but very, very rarely even youthful painters transfer to canvas. In the cold, over-lighted room at South Kensington the picture loses something of its attractiveness among so many larger and more pretentious works; but like Mrs. Primrose herself, it retains its hold on those who look "not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as wear well."

The scene is the inside of a country draper's shop. The draper we see is a man well to do, and one who can afford to keep a good article. Deborah, Mrs. Primrose that is to be, is choosing for her wedding gown a peach-blossom silk, and is carefully scrutinizing its wearing qualities. She has already selected the hangings for the famous green bed, a pretty set of window curtains, and other household as well as wedding requisites; the sprig of orange-blossom laid on the pile typifying at once the purchase and the occasion. She has been long selecting, for the wedding gown is not the only article that she chooses for such qualities as would wear well, and her little spaniel has curled himself round at her feet and gone comfortably to sleep. The young Vicar, however, is heedless of the flight of time, for he finds ample occupation in watching the countenance of his charmer. And no wonder. "Cold must be he who ever gazed impassive on her beauty." That comfortable-looking old mercer, who usually thinks far more of the beauty of his silks than he does of that of his customers, is evidently touched by the loveliness of our Deborah. See with what a gentle, admiring deference he is regarding her, while insisting on the excellent texture and color of the silk she is holding up to the light.

How, it may fairly be asked, did MULREADY, a man of sixty, succeed in producing so original a picture, and, for the first time, so lovely a face? The answer is obvious to any one who knew the man, or is acquainted with his history. He was always a student, always a learner. In his early pictures, while his drawing is invariably careful, it is often inaccurate. But he went on, year after year, drawing with unflagging diligence, and ever-increasing power, till he became not only, as Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE told the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present state of the Royal Academy (1863), "the best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had," and "the best judge of the merits of drawing in this country;" but himself so skilled in drawing that, as CHARLES LANDSEER declared, "perhaps neither is there now, nor at any time has there been, so great a draughtsman as Mr. MULREADY." Most academicians, when they are elected visitors, cease to draw in the schools, contenting themselves with acting as teachers; but MULREADY continued to draw as diligently as the most ambitious of his pupils. "An admirable example for students," said Sir EDWIN LANDSEER; "his drawings are remarkable for their accuracy; every thing seems to be done upon oath by him; he can account for every touch, and he is a good anatomist." While, as a crowning testimony, we have his own statement of his practice from 1817, when he first acted as visitor, to 1863, when he gave his evidence: "I have from the first moment I became a visitor in the life school drawn there *as if I were drawing for a prize!*" Surely here is a lesson the student, whatever be his pursuit, may profitably ponder. This thoroughness of study, it is almost needless to add, was not confined to drawing, but extended to all the technicalities of painting, as well as to the principles of art.

"CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MULREADY.]

THE POPE'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

OUR readers have already been made acquainted with the unhappy termination of the Empress CARLOTTA'S mission to Rome. Our engraving on page 764 represents the Holy Father paying a visit to the Empress shortly after her arrival in Rome. The Empress resided in the Hotel de Rome, on the Corso. Here the soldiers of the French and the Pontifical army took turns in guarding the entrance of the palace, and in accompanying the Empress to church and in her walks. Some days after, the Pope's visit was returned by the Empress. She had at the Vatican a very long and important interview on the subject of MAXIMILIAN'S Mexican Empire. It was on the occasion of this visit that she first exhibited symptoms of the malady with which she is now afflicted. The Empress is now under the most solicitous care at her chateau in Miramar, of which also we give an illustration on page 765.

EVACUATION DAY.

WE illustrate on page 761 WASHINGTON'S entrance to New York City, upon its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783. Sir GUY CARLETON, the British Commander, received, on August 7, instructions to evacuate the city; but this event was delayed in order to make arrangements for the Tories who wished to leave the country.

On the morning of the 25th—a cold and frosty morning—the American troops, under Gen. KNOX, who had come down from West Point, and encamped at Harlem, marched to the Bowery Lane, and halted at the present junction of Third Avenue and Bowery. There they remained until one o'clock P.M., when the British left their posts and marched to Whitehall. The American troops followed, and before three o'clock Gen. KNOX took formal possession of Fort George amidst the acclamations of his men and the roar of artillery upon the Battery. The troops entered the city from the Bowery, through Chatham Street, in the following order: 1. A corps of light dragoons; 2. Advanced guard of light infantry; 3. A corps of artillery;

4. A battalion of light infantry; 5. A battalion of Massachusetts troops, 8. Rear-guard.

WASHINGTON with his Staff, and Governor CLINTON with the State officers, soon afterward made a public entry. General WASHINGTON and Governor CLINTON, with their suite, led the advance, followed by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Members of the Council, four abreast. Then followed—in separate columns, eight abreast—the officers of the American army and the citizens, on horseback. The Speaker of the Assembly and the citizens on foot brought up the rear.

During the afternoon Governor CLINTON gave a dinner to the army officers at FRAUNCE'S Tavern (now Broad Street House), the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated. It was only a few days later that the principal officers of the army took a final leave of their beloved chief at FRAUNCE'S.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

ROOM 16002, HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

This epistle is about what I call "Fights to Come," and is suggested by the close proximity of a Congressman elect in the room two or three floors below me. Mr. M'CHOAKUMCHILD, the School Commissioner—who, in the language of DICKENS, "had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer"—has found a Peer in our *Commoner* JOHN MORICY, elected to Congress from my district. As was the case with Mr. M'CHOAKUMCHILD, so with JOHN, "he will go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow it up with his left, step, exchange, counter, bore his opponent to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly;" and to continue, he will be certain to "knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time."

I can imagine the great—and shall I say healthful?—change that must take place in discussing knotty questions in our heretofore wordy Congress. And as all politicians, more or less, owe their nominations first, and their elections secondly, to the operations of the "Ring," how appropriate that an ex-champion of the Ring should lend his countenance (though it is a little bruised and "smiling") to so great a gathering of the "Ring" leaders!

I see now, in my mind's eye, JOHN going through a course of training for his maiden speech, and the anxiety manifested by his trainers and backers—WOOD, BROOKS, & COMPANY—that he should have proper weight and influence—say about 175 lbs avoirdupois—when he takes his place in the arena; how they expect he will fight all New England, as M'CHOAKUMCHILD did Old England, to the ropes, and lodge his left mauley in BEN BUTLER'S other peeper, rendering the expression of BEN'S countenance as much a physical doubt as the expression of his opinions is a political certainty. I see

JOHN PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

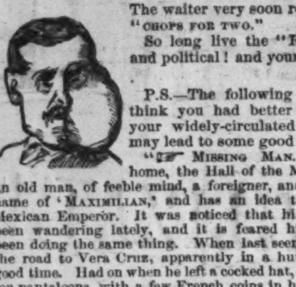
with its usual "feints" and "counters;" and how, on the first intimation of "Negro Suffrage," he will let fly, straight from the shoulder, his bunch of fives, caving in the clerk's bread-basket, and spoiling the potato-trap of the private secretary: for JOHN, above all others, knows the danger of leaving universal suffrage in the hands of the uneducated; and when old THAD STEVENS comes into the ring, then will JOHN show some of his wit, and his "rib-ticklers" will mean mischief.

In a case of impeachment I do not know how JOHN would act, as I am not acquainted with his legal acquirements, but in suits of "Chancery" I know he has done some pretty work. In his last participation in

A CASE OF THIS KIND,

he spilled more "claret" and treated his client to more *punches* than ever was done by any tippling lawyer of modern times. How easily, in case the Chaplain of the House displeased him—which will, of course, be the case—can he send him to "prayers," and bring any temperance champion up "groggy" on the first round! and should any cowardly Southerner be lurking around, with his revolvers and bowies, for the purpose of commanding respect from Congressmen and obedience from waiters at the hotels, how would they be shamed by JOHN sending two or three of the biggest waiters to "grass," and knocking the expostulating landlord completely off his "pins!"

JOHN SENDING A WAITER AFTER A "BROIL."



The waiter very soon returns with "CHOPS FOR TWO."

So long live the "Ring," fistic and political! and your own

C. O. W.

P.S.—The following "adver" I think you had better publish in your widely-circulated paper; it may lead to some good:

"☞ MISSING MAN.—Left his home, the Hall of the Montezumas, an old man, of feeble mind, a foreigner, answers to the name of 'MAXIMILIAN,' and has an idea that he is a Mexican Emperor. It was noticed that his mind had been wandering lately, and it is feared his body has been doing the same thing. When last seen he was on the road to Vera Cruz, apparently in a hurry, making good time. Had on when he left a cocked hat, French peg-top pantaloons, with a few French coins in his pockets, a short-tail coat, and buttons with the Mexican eagle on the tail. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his anxious friends. Address (post-paid) L. N., Tuileries, Paris, France."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

THE AMENDMENT AT THE SOUTH.

THE people have laid down a principle of restoration by which, of course, they are willing to stand. They have plainly declared that when States formally secede from the Union, and attempting to maintain the secession by force of arms are subdued, they may resume their relations in the Union only upon such conditions, not inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Government, as may be determined by the loyal sentiment of the country. This is the principle affirmed by the autumn elections. And as the conditions were at the same time announced, it becomes an interesting question what the States which attempted secession are likely to do.

Several of them have already acted. The Legislatures of Texas and Georgia have rejected the proposed Amendment. The Governors of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Alabama have recommended the rejection. The old political leaders who dragged their section into the war advise repudiation of the conditions. And the newspapers, the tone and manner of which are simply inconceivable to one who does not see them, disdain the Amendment with passionate contempt. That there are persons in the unrepresented States who deprecate this folly of Governors, Legislatures, leaders, and editors is very possible; but the practical drift of public opinion can be ascertained only through such channels. So long as those who, for whatever reason, approve the Amendment can not elect the Governors or a majority of the Legislatures, nor even organize to do so, we must regard what we see as the indication of the real state of feeling.

The objections to the Amendment are, that it was suggested by a Congress in which all the States were not represented; that it is destructive of State rights; and that it is humiliating to the people of the unrepresented States.

Now, to the first of these objections it should be enough to say that it begs the question. By the necessity of the case the States that remained loyal constituted Congress by their representatives. By an equal necessity they are bound to guard the country against any danger that may arise from the unrestricted return of the rebel States, just as they were bound to defend it from the consequences of the attempted secession. The authority to do this is found in the nature of government itself and in common sense. It is found exactly where the authority to emancipate the slaves was found. Since Congress is, and has been, the lawful Congress of the United States ever since certain States seceded, it has the same authority to propose amendments to the Constitution that any Congress ever had or ever can have. If it be not competent to propose a Constitutional Amendment, it is not competent to legislate; and if it be not competent to legislate because certain States are unrepresented, the entire legislation of the country for the last five years is invalid. If it be not a lawful Congress, the President is not a lawful President, and the Chief Justice confirmed by it is not a lawful Chief Justice. That is to say, if Congress be not lawful, we have no government in either of the three branches, legislative, judicial, and executive. But if it be a lawful Congress it may propose amendments.

To say that the amendment destroys State rights, is to deny to the Government of the United States the first power of a Government; namely, to declare who are its citizens, and to define and defend their civil rights. The Amendment, in the first clause, simply says that as the Government of the United States is a supreme authority in its sphere, no other power whatever shall presume to deprive its citizens of civil rights. When the Governors of the unrepresented States say that this is a blow at State rights, they forget that they are speaking from the old and now obsolete Southern theory that the Constitution is a mere treaty between sovereign States and the Union a common servant of many masters. They must now understand that the people of the Union have decided by the last appeal that it is a national power, and no sensible, practical statesman will undertake to quarrel with that decision. Why should an English politician attempt to prove that WILLIAM III. had no right to the British throne, and that some remote STUART boy is now the real King of England? He might as well try to prove that it was very foolish for people to be drowned in the deluge. Certain questions are settled. They have been debated long and fiercely. The differences could not be reconciled. Arms were invoked, and the event of the struggle was the final reply. The Southern theory of the Constitution and Union is one of those questions. Those who continue to vex it will be the only sufferers.

But the loudest objection to the Amendment is, that it humiliates the States lately in rebellion. How? Were they humiliated by accepting the Emancipation Amendment, also proposed by a Congress in which they were not represented? If they were not, how can they be humiliated by accepting the legitimate results of that Amendment, namely, an equalization of political power? After a tremendous struggle to overthrow a Government in which you fail, how can you be humiliated by accepting, as the condition of resuming a share in that Government, that it shall be upon equal terms with all others? Do the Southern Governors mean us to understand—not to put too fine a point upon it—that rebels are humiliated if by their causeless and defeated rebellion they have not gained increased political power? They insist that the ineligibility to office of those who have broken their oath to the Government disables the chief men of the section, and representatively disgraces all who honestly supported the rebellion. This is not a valid argument. The sincerity of the rebellion is not a pertinent plea. The question for the United States is, how it can most effectively secure the future. And a very obvious and practical method is by making treason odious—not by hangings and confiscations, but by making the whole tribe of trading and forsworn politicians ineligible to office, not forever, but at the pleasure of Congress. Certainly a South Carolinian of this class, for instance, who prides himself upon having been a rebel, and upon being one still, does not suppose that the whole duty of a Government recovering from so severe a strain is to forget and forgive. It is not vindictiveness toward rebels, it is merely justice to loyal men which prescribes this and all other parts of the Amendment.

There is no chance whatever, and we hope the wiser men at the South will see it and say it as often and strongly as they can—there is no chance whatever that the persistence of the late rebel States will wear out the tenacity of the loyal country. It is not party heat, but the central warmth of intelligent conviction, which has moulded the conditions offered for restoration. Does the experience of the last five years lead the people of the unrepresented States to suppose that the loyal people will be turned from their purpose?

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER.

THE Secretary of the Treasury on the 15th November officially informed the public that the United States will not avail themselves of their right to pay off the Five-Twenty bonds of 1862 in currency next year, but will continue to pay interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until they are able to redeem them in coin. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this announcement. Two or three years ago Mr. CHASE, who was then Secretary, wrote a private letter to say that these bonds ought to be and probably would be paid in coin; but the statement carried no more weight than was due to the private opinion of an official who was not likely to be in office at the time the bonds matured, and who could neither bind the country nor his successor. Mr. M'CULLOCH'S positive assurance is a very different matter. There is no reason to believe that he will vacate the office he holds before the Five-Twenty bonds mature. When he tells us, therefore, that he will not pay off these bonds in currency, but will continue to pay interest on them until he is ready to liquidate them in specie, the statement may be regarded as so absolute an interpretation of the law, on the part of the Government, that, on the one hand, the fears of foreign bondholders, who have been afraid they might next year be compelled to accept payment in currency, will at once be dispelled; and, on the other, it is rendered extremely difficult for any future Secretary of the Treasury to attempt a different policy. Should the reins of Government fall into unscrupulous hands, it is hard to say what might not be done. But this much at least is certain. The bonds will not be paid off next year, and any new Secretary who may attempt to pay them off in currency, will have to violate express pledges given by two of his most distinguished predecessors.

It is not too much to say that this announcement will produce an effect on our finances unsurpassed by that of any occurrence since the surrender of LEE. The great anomaly of the age has been the price of Five-Twenty bonds in Europe. These securities, yielding 6 per cent. per annum interest in coin—the obligations of a country which owes little more than half as much as Great Britain, and whose revenue exceeds her expenditure by ten per cent. of her whole debt—have been selling in London at less than 70 cents on the dollar, while British Consols, which only pay 3 per cent., have been worth 90 cents. One main cause of this anomaly was the impression, very general abroad, and not unfelt at home, that, owing to the absence of an express stipulation to the contrary in the law of 1862, the United States Government would claim the right of paying off the first issue of Five-Twenty bonds in currency. This impression removed, there would seem to be no good reason why these bonds should not rise to a price commensurate with their intrinsic worth, as established by the public revenues of the commonwealth and the improving credit of the country.

It is not very likely that they will rise much at home. Equilibrium between the home and the foreign markets is more likely to be preserved by a fall in gold than by a rise in bonds. There is ample room for a decline of 15 @ 20 per cent. in gold, and we see no reason why it should not take place.

Importations are on the decline. The fall trade, which opened under such brilliant auspices, closed dull and drooping. Late invoices netted a loss instead of a profit, and not a few orders were countermanded by telegraph. There is no prospect at present of a heavy spring trade, and the chances are that even without any increase in the export of bonds, our shipments of cotton and produce will so fully discharge our debt to Europe that exchange will hardly rise to the specie-shipping point. Under these circumstances an increased inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, which may fairly be expected to arise on receipt of the Secretary's official announcement, would inevitably precipitate a heavy fall in gold. It is but eight months since gold was considered an excellent sale at 128, and many good judges thought it must go to 115. Why should it be worth any more now?

JOHN BRIGHT IN IRELAND.

JOHN BRIGHT has made a speech in Dublin which will bring him very near to the popular heart of Ireland, and which will be vehemently denounced by the British Tories, although he really proposes nothing violent nor unreasonable. The speech is excellent, like all BRIGHT'S speeches, for its freedom from rhetoric and its clear and simple statements. It is worth all the Fenian froth ever blown in the eyes of an impulsive and not very wise people; and, like his other speeches, this one might be most profitably studied by the orators who are hastening to their seats in Congress. It is not a treatise, nor an essay, nor a lecture, but a speech, presenting plainly two or three points, and enforcing them by simple and not elaborate arguments.

Mr. BRIGHT began by describing the sad condition of Ireland, and mentioning the various theories which had been proposed to alleviate it. He then directed attention to two points of the situation—the established church and the land. "The church may be said to affect the soul and sentiment of the country, and the land the means of living and the comfort of the people." The existence of the established church, he said, is a fatal error, for every minister, however good and modest, is necessarily the symbol of the subjection of the many to the few. The removal of the established Protestant church would not only remove the condemnation of the Irishman's church in his own country, but it would make him feel that the English people and Parliament intended to do justice to Ireland.

Passing to the subject of land, Mr. BRIGHT said that the original ownership came from conquest or confiscation; that there was therefore a wide gulf between the owners and occupiers; that it is not common for proprietors to give leases to Roman Catholic tenants; and therefore the security of the tenant's property depends upon the fairness and good feeling of the proprietor. But the grand evil of all is, that the Irish people are dispossessed of the soil; and therefore the true "Irish policy" is that which will most speedily and justly restore the ownership of the soil of Ireland to the Irish people. Mr. BRIGHT'S initiatory method to this result would be a Parliamentary Commission to buy up the large estates in Ireland belonging to the English nobility, and to sell them to the occupiers of farms and the Irish tenantry. The disease is desperate, he said, and the remedy must be searching.

These propositions show the perception of a statesman. The details of the measures, however, would, of course, be difficult. But it is evident to the whole world, as Mr. BRIGHT says, that the present system of governing Ireland has disastrously failed. The wisest observers agree that the chief difficulties are the English Church established in Ireland and the land tenure; and Mr. BRIGHT'S remedy is strictly radical, for he would abolish both. He told his audience that, if the 105 Irish members of Parliament were only agreed, they might do almost any thing they liked even in the present Parliament; and he exhorted them to unite themselves firmly to the Liberal Reform party in England. This is a very significant suggestion. For if the liberal party in England proposes an imperial policy, or merely adds an Irish policy to its present aims, Ireland will be

in a fairer way of relief than she has been for centuries, and the "men in the gap" can come quietly out again and devote their energies to some practicable result.

THE LEOPARD CHANGING HIS SPOTS.

THE Chicago *Times* is notorious as the journal which was suspended by General BURNSIDE for disloyalty. It is one of the most reckless and unscrupulous papers in the country, and a few months since suggested to the President that he should sweep Congress out of the Capitol with the army. It appears from recent signs that it is the loyal people of the country who must be swept out, if such advice were followed; and it really looks now as if, instead of being swept, Congress and the people were sweeping. This, at least, is the view taken by the Chicago *Times*, and it beats an alarm. It gives advice to the Democratic party, and if profound obsequiousness to the only aristocratic element in the country does not authorize it to speak for that party we should like to know what does? This advice, the *Times* is aware, and plainly says, may imply "a more advanced view" than Democrats, and especially Southern Democrats, are in the habit of taking, for it is nothing else than the adoption of impartial suffrage as the Democratic policy!

It asks, "Is not negro suffrage inevitable?" It declares that when qualified impartial suffrage is once yielded by "the South," the Republican-Radical party will be extinct. And it exhorts its fellow-partisans every where in the country to remember that it is always wise to accept the inevitable when it comes. That one of the most malignant opponents of equal rights should read correctly the writing upon the wall which proclaims justice is one of the most agreeable incidents of the time. HORATIO SEYMOUR, also, is reputed to have taken the same ground with the Chicago *Times*. It was during a recent visit to the West, where the air seems favorable to clear perceptions. But, on the other hand, the patriotic VALLANDIGHAM is understood, with his usual sagacity, to be engaged in reorganizing his party. Does he propose to plant it upon the proposition which he made in Congress, that the Union should be quartered? A Union divided into halves or quarters is the VALLANDIGHAM idea of a National party.

The suggestion of the Chicago *Times* merely reveals the utter dissolution of the Democratic party—a party which dies amidst the contempt of all intelligent Americans, because it has steadily and inhumanly withstood every lawful effort ever made to relieve this country of the incubus of slavery. If it had taken ten years ago a position which so much as looked in the direction in which the *Times* now urges it to run, the Democratic party might have retained its ascendency. If it had had one leader who truly understood his countrymen and his time, our late history would not have been written in blood.

But the Chicago *Times* does not seem to be aware that parties are not made to order. It thinks that the master-key of the situation is that the Democratic party shall supersede the Union party. So the intelligent spectator thought that the little boy had nothing to do but to go in and win. But the big boy hit the hardest. If the occupation of the Union party will be gone when the Democracy urges equal suffrage, what becomes of the occupation of the Democratic party? In the pleasing game of Puss in the Corner, if one player comes out from his corner to take that of another, and the other quietly remains where he is, the first player finds himself left out. Does the Chicago *Times* think the country is so enamored of the party which first incited rebellion and then urged surrender to it that it is anxious to intrust the Government to its care at the earliest moment? The work of the Union party will be done by the Union party, and the national existence being peacefully secured upon its principles, parties will divide again upon questions of policy.

CROTON WATER.

THE decision of the Croton Aqueduct Board, heretofore noticed, to place the intended new storing reservoir on the middle branch of the Croton, west of Brewster's Station, in Putnam County, has been reversed, owing to expected difficulties in procuring the required land, and a new site has been chosen on the west branch of the river, where no such difficulties are expected. It seems that large damages were claimed in the former case from flooding an iron mine of great richness, to which damages the Croton Board were unwilling to subject the city, and hence the change, from which no disadvantage will result.

The new situation is near the western extremity of the great basin of the Croton, which comprises a drainage area of 323 square miles, of which quantity the reservoir now to be made will share about one-sixteenth, or say twenty square miles. The situation of the reservoir is in a wild portion of Putnam, at an elevation of six hundred feet above tide, where the Croton is a pure mountain stream, distant twenty-three miles and upward from the dam near Sing Sing. In approaching the spot it is readily seen that Nature has well adapted it for this purpose. Two of the mountain ridges which here inclose the west branch, after expanding around some beautiful meadows, suddenly contract at the point selected for a dam, so as to require but seven hundred feet of masonry in length to inclose a reservoir of three hundred and three acres, the extreme depth of water being sixty-four feet. The abutments of granite which these hills afford will render the dam nearly indestructible, although the reservoir will contain three thousand three hundred and sixty-nine million gallons, or about fifty-seven days' supply for the city, not estimating the increase which necessarily comes in during that number of days, and while the exhaustion of water is going on.

The theory upon which this reservoir is built is simply this—that although the Croton for nine or ten months of the year easily supplies the required quantity of water, yet for the remaining two or three months there is sometimes a scantiness which necessitates the storing of water to aid in keeping up the maximum supply. The aqueduct is capable of bringing down sixty million gallons per day—a quantity which may be relied upon with certainty even during the season of drought, after this new storing reservoir shall be in successful operation, which may be expected within about two years. The supply will then furnish throughout the year sixty gallons per day to each one of a million inhabitants—a supply which far exceeds that of any other large city. The average furnished in London by the several companies having charge of the matter is supposed to be about one-fifth, or say twelve gallons, to each person.

The arrangement by which pure water is delivered from high elevations into houses in sufficient quantity, constituting as it does the power or carrier for removing the refuse into sewers, is now a necessity which no important city can dispense with, even leaving out of view its uses in extinguishing fires, and as a power for manufacturing purposes. The use of water in this city for manufacturing purposes is necessarily limited by the size of the aqueduct, which, being a tube composed of masonry, can not be enlarged; but if the whole ordinary flow of the river were brought in, aided by all the storing dams which could be conveniently constructed, there would arise a demand for it which would greatly increase our manufacturing power. The number of storing reservoirs already laid out is twenty-three, or thereabouts, the land for which may be procured at between one and two hundred dollars per acre, including improvements. The remaining reservoirs are capable of holding each about as much water as the one now being constructed. The policy of acquiring land at least for several more of them, now or at no distant period, is quite clear, as its acquisition will prevent improvements which will embarrass the purchase of it hereafter.

Next week we shall have a word to say upon the advantage to the health and welfare of the city of obtaining control of the margin of all the sources upon which we now depend for the supply of water.

RAILROAD SAFETY AND COMFORT.

"A FOREIGNER, who is an ardent admirer of American institutions, railways excepted," sends us a letter descriptive of the management of railways in Germany, and recommending similar precautions here. He relates that leaving Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine, for the old city of Spires, the train did not start until the conductor had blown his trumpet and was answered by the locomotive whistle.

Upon that road, and all others in the country, defective and worn-out rails are very scarce, and along every road there is a continuous line of the snug little houses of the inspectors, whose duty it is to watch carefully and constantly the whole road. There is an alarm telegraph also upon every German road, and the train does not leave one station until the signal is given from the next that the road is clear. On the other hand, the German railways do not pay such large dividends as the prosperous American roads.

Meanwhile, whatever be the truth in Germany, it is very plain that as our railroads fall more and more into the hands of certain great corporations, the security of travel is diminished, and there is the more pressing need for bringing public opinion to bear upon the management. It is not only safety but comfort to which we are entitled. Take, for instance, a case which recent experience suggests. The traveler finds himself in a crowded car heated by a stove, with every window closed, with the low, old-fashioned roof, and no apertures for ventilation except the three useless openings through the top of the car. There is no reason whatever why at this day, and with the improvements in cars, passengers should submit to be shoved into such a black hole, exposed either to disease from the poisoned air of the car, or to taking cold, or giving others colds, or being roundly cursed for opening a window and letting in the sharp air. The regular passengers by the road should protest, and if no notice were taken of the protest, the facts of the case, and the names of the gentlemen who are responsible for the management of the road, should be published.

There is no excuse for not traveling comfortably. The great companies divide large dividends; they are highly prosperous; and the means of safety and comfort are easily accessible. The practicable improvements suggest themselves to every traveler, and if we only steadily grumble and growl, we may by-and-by travel as safely as in Germany and as comfortably as in England.

DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

IN the slim and modest volume, upon the back of which we read, "David S. Coddington's Speeches," we find the few works of a young orator who died some months since almost unknown except to a circle of companions and friends whom his wit and charming cultivation fascinated and dazzled. And yet none of our famous orators surpass, and very few rival, the brilliancy of rhetoric, the amplitude and felicity of language, the incisive thought, the profuse play of fancy, which characterize the half-dozen speeches of MR. CODDINGTON. The evident strenuous elaboration of every part of his orations in the spirit of a true artist does not in the least touch the fiery intensity, the pictorial phrase, which flash the thought or the fact home to the mind and memory. No one who read, a day or two after its delivery, MR. CODDINGTON'S speech at the Cooper Institute, upon occasion of the meeting of the DIX Democracy to repudiate the Chicago action of 1864 and to support ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is likely to forget the profound conviction of which he was conscious that here was a new orator who would make all the old ones look nervously to their laurels.

But an early bodily misfortune had probably cost the orator the kind of inner struggle that most wears life away. It must not be denied that the brilliancy of this book is boreal; that a subtle strain of cynicism is sometimes vaguely felt; and that with all its richness and insight and picturesque power it lacks that warm, humane sympathy which most satisfies the heart. In our politics a certain ideal nationality, noble, indeed, and grand, charmed his imagination and inspired the author's hope. It was AMERICA, the sovereign, with the imperial crown upon her brow, not AMERICA stooping to lift up the lowly, which most allured him. And yet, of all the voices which cheered the national heart during the great struggle with the glowing vision of our possibility and power, none was more persuasive or prouder than his. Had MR. CODDINGTON lived, and had his health and taste permitted, he could hardly have failed to make himself heard by the whole country.

He was born and bred a Democrat, and even in advocating MR. LINCOLN'S election in 1864 he distinctly declared that he and his friends would "huddle under this LINCOLN shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shelter us from the tempest;" but he had been a Free-soiler of '48, and the old music still lingered in his heart. So when he stood in Charleston on the 6th of May, 1865, and delivered a eulogy upon ABRAHAM LINCOLN, his heart overflowed in the most striking and eloquent of the thousand tributes of the time. We quote a passage, and we heartily commend our readers to the book:

"He found himself heir to a statesmanship confused, shuffling, and pusillanimous, occupied only with the question as to how we should permit our institutions to be murdered most gracefully; and he left its public policy candid, earnest, self-sustaining, engaged only with the question how the attempted murderers could be treated most mercifully. He found American nationality suddenly confronting him as a disgraceful doubt; he parted with it a terribly-respected fact. He found the Government a dissolving giant dying of an old cancer that had baffled the best physicians; he lived to cut out the poison with his sword, and left his well-knit, well-mannered, vigorous, compact patient a perpetual and healthful mourner at his grave."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATION.

THE Alabama Legislature met on the 12th. Governor Patton in his Message commends the good behavior of the freedmen, and urges measures to protect them against the occasional bad faith of their employers. He would remove all restrictions upon negro testimony, and devote a portion of the poll-tax collected from freedmen to the education of colored children. But the Governor strongly opposes the Constitutional Amendment. The first section, he says, gives to the General Government such enlarged judicial powers as would overshadow, and might possibly nullify, the influence of the State courts both in important and in trivial cases. The second section, he claims, is unjust as being partial to the North in the matter of representation. The third section, he says, establishes a test of eligibility for office, both State and Federal, which is unnecessary and unjustly proscriptive. If it was meant as a punishment of past treason there were already sufficient penalties laid down in the national statute book for that offense without recourse to the injustice of an *ex post facto* law. There would, however, be no injustice in insisting upon present loyalty as a test of eligibility. The Governor concludes from the premises that the Constitutional Amendment ought not to be ratified.

On November 1 Governor Throckmorton, of Texas, sent in a special message to the Legislature, urging the passage of resolutions expressive of "the earnest and sincere desire of our people for peace and perfect restoration, their determination to obey the laws of the General Government, and their wish to cultivate friendly and cordial relations with the people of all the States—solemnly pledging the authorities of the State Government and the people to sustain the laws of the land, and to afford all persons, without distinction, the fullest measure of protection for life, property, and the enjoyment of political sentiment." He advocates the admission of negro testimony, and the appropriation of taxes from the freedmen to the education of colored children. He hopes that the wish of the President that the Legislature will "make all laws involving civil rights as complete as possible, so as to extend equal and exact justice to all persons, without regard to color," will be responded to in a proper spirit. In conclusion, he says:

"The firm and hopeful view of the President in regard to the future of our beloved country must be encouraging to every patriot. I trust he may not be disappointed, and I feel that it is the highest duty of patriotism to aid him by every wise and prudent means at our command."

Georgia has rejected the Constitutional Amendment. In the House there were for rejection 131, against it 2. In the Senate the vote to reject was unanimous. The Committee to whom the matter had been referred considered that constitutionally the Amendment was not before the States, not being proposed by two-thirds of a full Congress, eleven States having been refused the right to participate in the debate on proposing the Amendment, and yet being expected to ratify it when thus proposed. The right to ratify implied the right to take part in the original proposition.

THE BALTIMORE TROUBLE.

Judge Bartol, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, has given his decision as to the law involved in the Baltimore trouble. He declares the Governor's authority to remove the old and to appoint new Police Commissioners to be unquestionable; and that Judge Bond's order, restraining Messrs. Young and Valiant from exercising the official functions to which they had been appointed, was unwarranted.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

Some of the Democratic organs appear to be desirous of taking the wind out of the Radical sails. The Boston *Post*, referring to Judge Reagan's letter advocating impartial suffrage in Texas, says: "This is wise, just, politic. Impartial suffrage we have always advocated. The Massachusetts system we think a good one, and if every State would adopt it the result would prove its great security to the peace and prosperity of the country." The Chicago *Times* steps out more boldly. It declares that negro suffrage in some shape is inevitable, and recommends the South to accept "impartial suffrage, or suffrage dependent upon the intelligence of the man, irrespective of color, as is now the rule in Massachusetts," that an end may be put to the agitation against the restoration of the excluded States.

CAN SECESSION DESTROY A STATE?

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that the State never lost its organization as a government by reason of secession or war; but that it was in all respects not only *de facto* but *de jure* a State, and that the functions of the government were rightly and constitutionally exercised by those who exercised executive, legislative, and judicial functions during that time within the State.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee met November 14. Neither Generals Grant, Sherman, nor Howard were able to be present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, General J. A. Rawlings; Vice-Presidents, Major-Generals J. A. Logan, F. P. Blair, R. J. Oglesby, G. A. Smith, and Brevet Brigadier-Generals W. W. Belknap and Fairchild; Recording Secretary, Colonel L. M. Dayton; Corresponding Secretary, Brigadier-General A. Hickenlaper; Treasurer, Major-General M. F. Force.

The greater portion of the session was occupied in discussing the proposed monument to Major-General M'Pherson.

A resolution was finally passed, fixing upon Clyde, Ohio, the burial-place of General M'Pherson, as the proper place for the monument.

After transacting some unimportant business a resolution was adopted to hold the next annual meeting at St. Louis—the time to be indicated by the President; whereupon the Society adjourned.

Dr. Horwitz, the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, has prepared some valuable statistics, showing the naval casualties of battle during the rebellion. The totals show that there were 3910 wounded, 308 drowned in battle, and 546 scalded in battle—in all 4674. The deaths in the naval service were: 495 from gun-shot fractures, 1309 from gun-shot flesh wounds, and 373 from incidental casualties, while 95 died in rebel prison-pens—making the total number of deaths 2272. There were discharged from the naval service as disabled 550 from casualties of war, and 431 from incidental casualties—981 in all. Three hundred and sixteen amputations were performed and four cases of trepanning, of whom two recovered and two died.

Daniel Carpenter, one of our four Inspectors of Police, died suddenly, on the 15th, of heart-disease. He was a native of Albany, and about 50 years of age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 12:

(LONDON.)—There are vague rumors afloat that the Emperor Maximilian has been offered the crown of Poland under certain eventualities.

November 13:

(LONDON.)—It is said that the questions pending between the United States and Frazer, Trenholm, & Co. have been amicably settled, whereby the vessels in dispute, now lying at Liverpool, and all the other property, have been released.

The Jamaica Committee have unanimously resolved to indict Governor Eyre for murder.

Dispatches from the East announce that the Turkish Government has ordered a general amnesty to be granted to the insurgents of Candia.

In spite of the many denials, rumors of a Prusso-Russian alliance continue to prevail. It is even said that the treaty provides for the admission of the United States into the alliance, with a sovereign establishment in the Mediterranean Sea, and guarantees that nation highly favorable commercial advantages.

(COPENHAGEN.)—The King to-day formally opened the session of the Danish Chambers. In his speech on that occasion he said he was convinced that Denmark would soon regain her natural frontiers by a popular vote.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—The cholera has again broken out in this city.

November 14:

(LONDON.)—In the case of the ex-rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, seized for the United States, the Admiralty Court has decided that Coleman is entitled to her possession.

November 17:

(PARIS.)—The family of Major-General John A. Dix arrived yesterday.

November 18:

(MADRID.)—The Government of Spain is taking strong measures to prevent a threatened outbreak.

Don Miguel is dead.

November 19:

(LONDON.)—Great floods are devastating the counties of York and Lancaster. Many lives have been lost by drowning.

It is said that the Government is alive to the fact that large numbers of Fenians have been arriving in Ireland weekly, and is well prepared to meet any rebellious movement.

The report is confirmed that Chili and Peru have consented to accept the mediation of the Governments of France and England.

Telegraphic dispatches from Bombay report the gratifying intelligence that the famine in India is abating.

The Reform demonstration in Edinburgh on Saturday was a large and imposing one.

(FLORENCE.)—Baron Ricasoli, Prime Minister of the Italian Government, has issued a circular discouraging the agitation of the Roman question. Italy, he says, will be neutral, and await the certain triumph of her rights.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The text of the Pope's Allocution has just been published in this country. It reasserts in the most positive manner the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; it protests against the annexation of the Pontifical States by the King of Italy, and denounces all who take part in that proceeding.

VARIETIES IN LADIES' HEAD-GEAR, 1866.

BANQUET TO MR. FIELD.

To CYRUS W. FIELD, rather than to any other man, belongs the credit of having first conceived the practicability of an Atlantic telegraph. His share in the cost of the enterprise, or his prominence in its execution, may have been surpassed by some; but one thing unquestionably is *his* alone—original and absolute faith in final success, a faith which no difficulties could overcome, and the patience of which was equal to any labor and any cost. No injustice can be done to any man by the declaration that, but for CYRUS W. FIELD, there would now be no telegraphic communication between America and Europe. And of no other man can this be said.

It was proper, then, that his own city should do him honor, and show her pride not only in his success, but in the heroic faith which accomplished it. This was the object of the banquet given to Mr. FIELD on the evening of November 15, at the Metropolitan Hotel. We illustrate the banquet below, and give a new and excellent portrait of Mr. FIELD, from a photograph taken for *Harper's Weekly* by ROCKWOOD & Co., of this city, the morning after the banquet.

The decorations of the banquet-hall are thus described in the New York *Times:*

"From the centre of the dome fell clouds of parti-colored silk, canopying all below. From these hung crystal chandeliers, flooding the hall with silver light, toned down by the soft refraction of the silken ceiling overhead. Suspended from the dome, at its eastern end, hung in mid-air the Earth in miniature, girt by an iron band, emblematic of the telegraphic girdle. Above this globe were the Sun, the Moon, and the stars, and from each of these fell delicate cords of silk, like cobweb threads in the sunlight, uniting the mysterious worlds whence they came to the iron-bound, imprisoned Earth below. These lines, gathered together on the meridian of the globe, did not end there, but, spreading out again, descended and were caught up by the grappling arms of delicate telegraphic poles of silver, planted on the tables underneath, and, held up by those poles, the entire hall was girt by these silken lines. Up among the congregated solar system hung the ethereal messages, 'Greeting from all the stars;' 'The lordly Sun sends greeting down;' 'The Moon her peaceful radiance lends;' and hanging from the globe a prosaic sign-board, announcing the whereabout of the 'General Telegraphic Office.' On the telegraphic poles along the tables were symbols of the glad communion of all nations with the spirit animating the festivities of the night. There were greetings from Russia, France, Plymouth Rock, Spain, New Jersey, Portugal, Denmark, New Hampshire, China, Timbuctoo, and all the places with names familiar or unfamiliar to the ear, near and remote, reading as you passed along with the surprising oddity of medley, so frequent and queer were the transitions."

CYRUS W. FIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

Mr. FIELD's speech after dinner contained a full and interesting history of the Atlantic Cable:

"It is nearly thirteen years ago," he said, "since half a dozen gentlemen of this city met at my house for four successive evenings, and, around a table covered with maps and charts, and plans and estimates, considered a project to extend a line of telegraph from Nova Scotia to St. Johns, in Newfoundland, thence to be carried across the ocean. It was a very pretty plan on paper. There was New York, and there was St. Johns, only about 1200 miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to the other, making no account of the forests and mountains, and swamps and rivers and gulfs, that lay in our way. Not one of us had ever seen the country, or had any idea of the obstacles to be overcome. We thought we could build the line in a few months. It took two years and a half. Yet we never asked for help outside our own little circle. Indeed, I fear we should not have got it if we had, for few had any faith in our scheme. Every dollar came out of our own pockets. Yet I am proud to say no man drew back. No man proved a deserter. Those who came first into the work have stood by it to the end. Of those six men four are here to-night—Mr. PETER COOPER, MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and myself. My brother DUDLEY is in Europe, and Mr. CHANDLER WHITE died in 1856, and his place was supplied by Mr. WILSON G. HUNT, who is also here. Mr. ROBERT W. LOWBER was our Secretary. To these gentlemen, as my first associates, it is but just that I should pay my first acknowledgments.

"From this statement you perceive that, in the beginning, this was wholly an American enterprise. It was begun, and for two years and a half was carried on, solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before an Englishman paid a single pound sterling. Our only support outside was in the liberal character and steady friendship of the Government of Newfoundland, for which we were greatly indebted to Mr. E. M. ARCHIBALD, then Attorney-General of that colony, and now British Consul in New York. And in preparing for an ocean cable the first soundings across the Atlantic were made by American officers in American ships. Our scientific men—MORSE, HENRY, BACHE, and MAURY—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship *Dolphin* discovered the telegraphic plateau as early as 1853; and the United States ship *Arctic* sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1856—a year before her Majesty's ship *Cyclops*, under command of Captain DAYMAN, went over the same course. This I state not to take aught from the just praise of England, but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

"It was not till 1856—ten years ago—that the enterprise had any existence in England. In that summer I went to London, and there with Mr. JOHN W. BRETT, Mr. (now Sir) CHARLES BRIGHT, and Dr. WHITEHOUSE, organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Science had begun to contemplate the necessity of such an enterprise; and the great FARADAY cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm. Then for the first time was enlisted the support of English capitalists; and then the British Government began that generous course which it has continued ever since—offering us ships to complete soundings across the Atlantic, and to assist in laying the cable, and an annual subsidy for the transmission of messages. The expedition of 1857 and the two expeditions of 1858 were joint enterprises, in which the *Niagara* and the *Susquehanna* took part with the *Agamemnon*, the *Leopard*, the *Gorgon*, and the *Valorous*; and the officers of both navies worked with generous rivalry for the same great object. The capital—except one quarter which, as you have said, was taken by myself—was subscribed wholly in Great Britain. The Directors were almost all English bankers and merchants, though among them was one gentleman whom we are proud to call an American—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, a name honored in two countries, since he has showered his princely benefactions upon

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 765.]

both—who, though a resident for nearly forty years in London, where he has gained abundant wealth and honors, still clings to the land of his birth, declining the honor of a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom to remain a simple American citizen.

"With the history of the expeditions of 1857–58 you are familiar. On the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked—though never very brilliantly—never giving forth such rapid and distinct flashes as the cables of to-day.

"After the failure of 1858 came our darkest days. When a thing is dead it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and novelty are gone, and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort.

"Other causes delayed a new attempt. This country had become involved in a tremendous war; and while the nation was struggling for life, it had no time to spend in foreign enterprises.

"But in England the project was still kept alive. The Atlantic Telegraph Company kept up its organization. It had a noble body of Directors, who had faith in the enterprise, and looked beyond its present low estate to ultimate success."

After alluding to the efforts made in procuring subscriptions, and especially to the magnificent risk by Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. BENDER of £60,000 each, Mr. FIELD said:

"The action of these two gentlemen was a turning-point in the history of our enterprise; for it led shortly after to a union of the well-known firm of GLASS, ELLIOT, & Co. with the Gutta Percha Company, making of the two one grand concern known as "The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company," which included not only Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. PENDER, but other men of great wealth, such as Mr. GEORGE ELLIOT and Mr. BARCLAY, of London, and Mr. HENRY BEWLEY, of Dublin, and which, thus reinforced with immense capital, took up the whole enterprise in its strong arms. We needed, I have said, £600,000, and with all our efforts in England and America we raised only £285,000. This new company now came forward, and offered to take the whole remaining £315,000, besides £100,000 of the bonds, and to make its own profits contingent on success. Mr. RICHARD A. GLASS was made Managing Director, and gave energy and vigor to all its departments, being admirably seconded by the Secretary, Mr. SHUTER. Mr. GLASS has been recently knighted for his services in carrying out the Atlantic Telegraph—an honor which he most justly deserves."

Mr. FIELD then alluded to the failure of 1865:

"We returned to England defeated, yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable, and fit out a new expedition; and with that assurance I came home last autumn.

"In December I went back again, when lo, all our hopes had sunk to nothing. The Attorney-General of England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right, without a special Act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year), to issue the new 12 per cent. shares, on which we relied to raise our capital. This was a terrible blow. The works were at once stopped, and the money which had been paid in returned to the subscribers. Such was the state of things only ten months ago. I reached London on the 24th of December, and the next day was not a 'merry Christmas' to me. But it was an inexpressible comfort to have the counsel of such men as Sir DANIEL GOOCH and Sir RICHARD A. GLASS; and to hear stout-hearted Mr. BRASSEY tell us to go ahead, and if need were, he would put down £60,000 more! It was finally concluded that the best course was to *organize a new company*, which should assume the work, and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It was formed by ten gentlemen who met around a table in London, and put down £10,000 apiece. I hope the excellent Secretary of this Company, Mr. DEANE, who came with us across the ocean, will write its history, and tell the world what life and vigor were comprised in its Board of Directors. The great Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company—undaunted by the failure of last year, answered us with a subscription of £100,000. Soon after the books were opened to the public, through the eminent banking-house of J. S. MORGAN & Co., and in fourteen days we had raised the whole £600,000. Then the work began again, and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the 1st day of March that the new company was formed, and was registered as a company the next day; and yet such was the vigor and dispatch that in five months from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipped on the *Great Eastern*, stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages, literally swift as lightning, from continent to continent."

He thus describes the fishing up of the old cable:

"Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed, but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken, only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room to see if our long-sought-for treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm as if she knew that the vital cord, which was to join two hemispheres, hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 7th of September, we brought our second cable safely to the shore."

Mr. FIELD concluded with the following sentiment:

"Of the results of this enterprise—commercially and politically—it is for others to speak. To one effect only do I refer as the wish of my heart—that, as it brings us into closer relations with England, it may produce a better understanding between the two countries. Let who will speak against England—words of censure must come from other lips than mine. I have received too much kindness from Englishmen to join in this language. I have eaten of their bread and drunk of their cup, and I have received from them, in the darkest hours of this enterprise, words of cheer which I shall never forget; and if any words of mine can tend to peace and good-will, they shall not be wanting. I beg my countrymen to remember the ties of kindred. Blood is thicker than water. America with all her greatness has come out of the loins of England; and though there have been sometimes family quarrels—bitter as family quarrels are apt to be—still in our hearts there is yearning for the old home, the land of our fathers; and he is an enemy of his country and of the human race who would stir up strife between two nations that are one in race, in language, and in religion. I close with this sentiment: ENGLAND AND AMERICA — CLASPING HANDS ACROSS THE SEA; MAY THIS FIRM GRASP BE A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP TO ALL GENERATIONS!"

THE WOMAN OF INFLUENCE.

SOMETHING must be done.

Speculation in gold and oil stocks had run riot with my once handsome income, and I was brought, unwillingly, at last to consent to my wife's project of taking a few select boarders.

And Miriam, dear, good little wife that she was, took all the disagreeables—such as house-hunting and bantering with "agents"—upon herself, leaving me naught to do but loaf in our elegant apartments, and whistle melancholy tunes to the walls.

At last the "hated thing" was accomplished, and leaving our expensive boarding-place, where for two years we had enjoyed every luxury the city afforded, we took possession of a pretty brown-stone house in a fashionable locality, and advertised our rooms.

How Miriam expected to pay the enormous rent and supply the table on what she would receive from the few boarders a three-story house would contain, I could not imagine; however, as my own folly had swept away a princely fortune, I held my peace, resolving that she should pursue her "pet scheme" without interference on my part.

A week of renovation—such sweeping, such dusting, such scouring and scrubbing and washing and rinsing I had never witnessed—no, not when, a tow-headed five-year-old in pinafore and shorts, I was first made acquainted with a country house-cleaning. I was, for the most part, in a state of collapse, and my wants treated with the utmost indifference, until the house—like the leper of old—was pronounced clean. Board, at this season, was in good demand, and our house was speedily filled.

I regretted that Miriam had let the two best rooms in the house to a family by the name of Marabeau, whom we had formerly boarded with. Mrs. Marabeau was a woman past forty, had been good-looking in her day, and was exceedingly vain. She had a husband, a quiet, sensible kind of man, and a daughter of eighteen, plain, and stupid in her manner. She had made it appear to Miriam that her "influence" alone could fill the house with the most desirable boarders. "She had always been called *very* exclusive wherever she had boarded, and thousands would jump at the chance of getting board where she did." Beguiled by talk of this kind, Miriam let her have the rooms at a frightfully low price.

"I desire you to be very particular about references," she said to Miriam, "for Mr. Marabeau is the most fastidious person in the world about his associates; and it will be well for you to say to the Andersons that we've been called exclusive, though they are people, if I read their characters truthfully, that one need not be afraid of. Also Mr. Mills. He is a young lawyer of much promise, and Mr. Marabeau says his father is quite a wealthy importer. Mr. Burnet keeps his affairs so entirely to himself that one can scarcely tell what to think; and as for Miss Wells, I think she feels her importance quite too much for a governess. She's horridly ugly!"

"I do not agree with you there," replied Miriam. "We were speaking of her looks the other day, and I believe all united in calling her interesting. As far as reference goes the inmates of the house have furnished very satisfactory proofs of respectability."

"Oh, I presume *you* are satisfied; but, as I said before, John is *very* particular. In regard to your table, do you think it gives satisfaction?"

"I have never troubled myself to inquire," replied Miriam.

"Don't you think it would be better for you to change your seat to the end of the table? I think the effect would be much better as you enter the room."

"What! and take Bridget the whole length of the dining-room whenever she wishes to speak to me? No, I think more of convenience than effect in this case; thank you for the suggestion, Mrs. Marabeau."

"Bridget wouldn't mind taking a few extra steps, for I have spoken to her."

"I am not in the habit of consulting my servants in regard to such matters, and must beg that you'll leave them subject to my dictation in future."

"You can tell me it is *none of my business*, I know; but, as I said before, I feel interested. Now *I* think it would look much better to have the tea and coffee brought to you to turn at table, and when pie makes a part of the dessert, a little powdered sugar sprinkled over it improves the looks wonderfully."

"The idea of Marabeau's fastidiousness! It is quite laughable, truly, when one knows the stock they sprang from," I said, when she left the room.

"One would think them the cream of aristocracy to hear her talk; but what do you know of their antecedents?" asked my wife.

"When Anderson came to see about board I exchanged references, and he very naturally asked about the Marabeaus after finding they were to make part of our family. So I made Peterson a call; you know *he knows every body*—can trace families back to Noah and the ark. Well, he says Old Marabeau—the father to the present one—was a mechanic, and John was brought up to the trade; it is only a few years since they abandoned it. His wife, so pretty, so delicate, so finiky, was a tailoress, and worked in John Gilman's shop until Marabeau, captivated by her beauty, married her, and took her away."

"Well, I declare! and she to twattle about high family and society and all that," replied Miriam. "I presume, if the truth were known, Miss Wells's family are far superior to her own."

"Yes, if birth were a consideration, but you know we profess to be a purely *democratic people*, so we must make real genuine worth our standard of judging. I have learned this much in regard to Miss Wells's parentage, however. Her father was a minister of acknowledged ability in a Western city; of course he was poor, for he was blessed with a large family and small salary. Last winter he died, leaving naught but his blessing for the widow and her flock of five children, of which Miss Wells is the eldest."

"Dear me, and that is why she is so sad?"

"Yes, sad and busy; she has by the help of friends obtained several music scholars, then she occasionally gets copying to do; but it is hard work for a female in these times to support herself, much less provide for a family."

"I do wish I could help the poor thing. Wouldn't Mills give her some writing for the office—you know he is a lawyer? But it is a delicate thing to manage, for she is too proud to accept any thing in the shape of a favor from a young man like him. I think he likes her, don't you?"

"Yes, I see him often watching her when she is talking, with a pleased expression on his face, for she is really a sensible girl, but Mrs. Marabeau's twattle drowns out others. I say, Miriam, it was a woeful mistake taking her into the house."

"I see it, and am heartily sick of her harangues. I believe ere this every one in the house is thoroughly disgusted with her. Why, it was only yesterday that she cornered Mrs. Anderson in the hall, and while her carriage was waiting for her at the door said, 'Don't you pity me, Mrs. Anderson? Here have I got to journey down town in those horrid cars, crowded as they are with all sorts of people! I declare I can scarcely endure the thought; but you have your carriage, and know nothing of these troubles.' Mrs. Anderson did not take the hint so broadly conveyed and ask her to ride with her; with a half apology she left the defeated Marabeau standing on the stairs, looking indignantly at her as she was driven away. Then, coming into the drawing-room where I was sitting, she exclaimed, 'What a stuck-up woman! As if no one owned a carriage but herself. I think I never saw a person so fond of show; an old thing like her, past fifty, putting her hair in crimpers and sporting diamonds. I don't see how you can endure her; calling for meals in her own room, and scarcely speaking at table.' 'She shows good taste in that,' I replied; 'for if there is any thing I detest, it is a woman whose tongue is never still. As to private meals, they had a *carte blanche* for that when they came.' 'Well, I think *I* shall take exception to it. I shall let her know I *notice* it, at all events,' she said, as she sallied out to take her detested ride in the city cars."

"And this is the 'woman of influence,' who was to render you so much assistance, my dear?"

"Yes, I acknowledge I was sadly taken in; for instead of influence I have seen nothing but impudence since she has been in the house. My chief study now is to get her out of it before there is an open rupture."

"That you will find impossible, I fear; for she has got into first-rate quarters, and, instead of leaving herself, is determined to root those out who fail to do her homage."

"We shall soon see who rules," replied Miriam, with a determined look; and we did see full sooner than we had expected.

The Andersons had been invited to a wedding out of town, and had just returned. When all were seated at the dinner-table Mrs. Marabeau, followed by her husband and daughter, sailed in with more than her accustomed pomposity of manner.

Having seated herself and spread her skirts to her satisfaction, she began:

"I, too, have been out of town to-day, Mrs. Anderson, and I happened to fall in with some of the party returning from that wedding—such a noisy set I have seldom seen—and I was not sorry when they left the cars at the up-town station. Every body in good society here knows they are very rough, low people. I once had the misfortune to board with them, and I must say I considered them exceedingly vulgar. I could but wonder what kind of people *you* met."

Mrs. Anderson gave her a hard, searching look; but silent contempt, plainly expressed in the countenance, was the only reply.

Determined not to be thus foiled, she addressed herself to Miriam:

"You remember Mrs. Snow, who used to board with us?"

Miriam remembered her.

"Well, I met *her* to-day, and—what do you think?—that old woman of fifty had been putting her hair in crimpers; as they did not work well, she had the impudence to ask me what kind I used. I told her very plainly that my crimps were natural. I'd be ashamed at *my* age to use such things."

"You do look rather old for that, Madam," said Burnet, with a merry twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Anderson, at whom Mrs. Marabeau's insult had been leveled, bowed him her thanks.

Finding she could make nothing in that direction she turned to Miss Wells.

"What are your terms for music, Miss Wells?"

"Twenty dollars a quarter, ma'am."

"And who have you studied under?"

"I have had several teachers."

"I think some of having Emma take lessons this winter; but I shall not give her to any one unless sure of their *ability* and good *character*. I think parents can't be *too particular*; I've had several cases come under my own observation where the morals of young ladies have been injured by their being placed under the influence of teachers whose standing in society was not what it ought to be."

Miss Wells showed no disposition to reply, and she continued:

"You have some acquaintance in the city to refer to, have you not?"

"Why, Madam?" asked Miss Wells, raising her very large dark eyes from her plate and looking her questioner full in the face.

"Before placing my daughter under the influence of any one I should require the most *satisfactory* testimonials."

"I have no desire to teach your daughter, Madam; when I do, I'll let you know," replied Miss Wells.

"Shut up at last," said I to Miriam, when all but ourselves had left the dining-room.

"Yes, and I could have clapped my hands and cried *bravo!* I was so delighted; but did you ever see such rudeness as she showed the Andersons? Though they treat her with the contempt she merits, they are not going to put up with such petty annoyances. Either she must leave or they will."

"I had come to that conclusion myself; nothing came up that she did not 'root her nose' to the bottom of it, as Burnet wisely remarked."

She did not pay her usual visit to us in our sitting-room that evening. Miriam said she was doubtless planning a method of revenge on poor Miss Wells.

"I fancy she'll leave Miss Wells to herself after this, for she is certainly no match for her," I replied. But I was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

Mills, the young lawyer before referred to, had become quite a favorite in the house, particularly with the ladies, and I had several times fancied that he showed a partiality for the society of Miss Wells. If she was sewing, he would seat himself beside her and busy himself with making "cat's cradles" of her thread. If reading, he would beg of her to read aloud, pleading that "he had a nervous affection of the eyes which prevented him from using them by gas-light;" yet I noticed that they showed no signs of weakness, though he would sit for hours studying her ever-changing countenance while she read, in those clear, deep tones that I have never heard equaled, to a crowd of eager listeners, myself and Miriam always included.

It was in vain that Mrs. Marabeau got up her little "sociables" in hopes of drawing the young lawyer into her daughter's society. If she proposed whist, he was "a poor player;" eucre! he "detested it." Mrs. Marabeau would not extend her invitation to Miss Wells, and Mills would not go without, that was evident.

At dinner on the following day Mr. Mills was absent. During the meal Mr. Burnet, who sat beside Miss Wells, drew a note from his pocket and laid it on her plate. She read it, colored slightly, and, writing a sentence on the back of the envelope, returned it to him.

All this did not pass unobserved by Mrs. Marabeau.

About half an hour after dinner she came rushing into my room, her face all aglow with excitement:

"Miss Wells has gone out with Mr. Burnet!" she exclaimed.

"Well, and what of it?" asked Miriam, expressing no surprise.

"Isn't Mr. Burnet a married man, and isn't Miss Wells a lone woman, one who should avoid the very appearance of evil?"

"So far as I can see she has," replied Miriam.

"I think her conduct shocking! and you to uphold her; but I can see it's all *policy* with you."

"I call it *charity*, Mrs. Marabeau."

"I never had much of an opinion of her, and after this I shall keep Emma from her influence; though I must say I think it your duty to set her trunks on the sidewalk, and let her find lodgings in haunts where such women usually live."

"Mrs. Marabeau," said Miriam, warmly, "I am sorry to find you such a foe to your sex. For my part, I have hope and faith to believe that Miss Wells is justifiable, even in the strictest sense of propriety, for what she has done, and I have charity for all."

"She has gone to the theatre," snapped Mrs. Marabeau; "I guess after this Mr. Mills will see her in her true light."

"I presume they have gone to see that play of Boucicault's I heard Mr. Mills describing last evening. He thinks it very fine," said Miriam.

"She'll see a difference in my treatment of her if she remains in the house," was Mrs. Marabeau's threatening rejoinder as she left us.

Next morning Miss Wells was in the dining-room looking over the morning paper when we entered.

"Do you know," she said, "I had such a treat last night. Mr. Mills had asked me to go and see Boucicault's new piece, but his uncle in Brooklyn had been taken dangerously ill, and sent for him to come and draw up a will; so, as there was no time to be lost, he transferred me to Mr. Burnet, who was kind enough to bore himself with my company to a play he had seen three times before."

Mrs. Marabeau came in, cold as an icicle, saying good-morning to every one separately but Miss Wells, who seemed not to notice the omission, keeping up during breadfast a conversation with Mr. Mills, who sat at her right.

After all had left the table but Mrs. Marabeau, who, it seemed, purposely lingered, she said, "Mr. Marabeau desires me to ask if that woman is going to be allowed to remain in the house after last night's bold adventure?"

Miriam was about to reply, but was stopped by the appearance of Miss Wells, followed by Mr. Burnet and Mills. They had heard her in the hall.

"By 'that woman' you doubtless mean me, Mrs. Marabeau," said Miss Wells, looking her steadily in the face. "If Mrs. Simmons wishes me to leave, I have now to hear it from her own lips."

"I do not," cried Miriam. "I have always respected you, and never more than at present."

Tears stood in the dark eyes of Miss Wells as she murmured, "Thank you, Madam, for not listening to evil machinations; I trust I have explained my going out last eve to *your* satisfaction."

"It needed no explanation. I have never asked one," said Miriam.

"And permit me to thank you, too, Mrs. Simmons," said Mills, stepping generously forward, for, trust me, I am not a disinterested party. Were it not for her foolish resolution of teaching a year—from which my earnest entreaties have failed to win her—I would this day give her my protection and name, as I have before given her my heart. In your care I leave her;" and before any of us were aware what he was doing he caught the weeping governess in his arms, pressed a kiss on her brow, and passed her over to my wife.

When we looked for Mrs. Marabeau she was gone; how she had made her exit no one had observed. An hour later, and she was served with a notice that her rooms would be wanted at the end of the month; and thus we were rid at last of the "Woman of Influence."

Burnet, who had now got his family in town, took their rooms, and danced a hornpipe to the music of Mills, whose fingers swept the piano keys nimbly when the Marabeaus, bag and baggage, went down the steps and out of the house.

THE ROYAL PULL AT THE BELL.

THERE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in council as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, he could.

"I will be as brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead.

The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my hand on the rope," said the king, "fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighboring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart.

"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along at that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name—"there I have never found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again:

"Would to Heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case.

"I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window—"nay, I am!" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the point of ringing at it with good will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now, a curse upon kingship that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the king, who wanted to be happy.

The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people.

"By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince whose name was no sooner uttered to the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed:

"*He!*—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile van-guard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gray and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing.

"What voices are those?" asked he, softly; "what is there yet for me to do?"

His chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on the couch, and whispered: "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hoarsely cried the king. "God! do they really love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood."

The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old King, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands toward them, and asked, "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?"

One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow upon the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rung his own knell.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"'Great Expectations' Disappointed" might be an appropriate title for a treatise upon the recently anticipated Meteoric shower. For months—yes, even for years, the scientific world had eagerly looked forward to the brilliant, once-in-thirty-three-yearly display of celestial pyrotechnics. The time had been exactly calculated—no doubts disturbed the astronomic mind—on or about the 13th of November, 1866, was the appointed time. Even the precise locality of the fiery shower was specified—the constellation Leo was the grand centre from which would radiate the sparkling trails. The newspapers took up the interesting theme, and gave special directions to guide the populace in their observations. Even the city authorities, with a most unusual and commendable interest in science, bid the multitude go to sleep in peace, promising to arouse them by a special signal of fire-bells when the grand display commenced. To be sure many, choosing to trust their own eyes, and having a fancy for seeing the "opening piece," mounted roofs, spires, and sightly places generally, and kept a vigilant look-out for the heavenly visitants due "on or about" that time. But the more sensible went to sleep—leaving one ear open for the tenth stroke of the bell. Half a dozen times they heard it—in fancy—and popped up to gaze anxiously into the ethereal space; but not seeing any strangers careering among the heavenly bodies they speedily covered themselves up from the chill November air. Not a few awoke in the morning with a vague feeling of chagrin that, after all, they had slept unconscious throughout the fierce and fiery storm. But a comparison of notes at breakfast, and a minute investigation of the morning papers, relieved their minds.

Alas for the vain vigils of the weary watchers in this vicinity! Scarcely were there more shooting-stars observed than may be seen on any clear November night. And although some sections of the country were more highly favored, the grand display seems to have been bestowed upon our trans-Atlantic friends. *We* must be patient and wait until 1899!

It is said, in a Massachusetts paper, that the housekeepers of New York are rejoicing over the fall of the price of meat, and are already looking forward to the time when one can get a comfortable beef-steak, or roast, or leg of mutton, or roast of pork, without having to pay for it its weight in greenbacks. We do not know in what section of New York such rejoicing may be taking place. No indications of the kind have reached us, which amount to any thing, when the housekeeper actually buys her meat. So far as our knowledge goes, based in part on glimpses of marvelous monthly bills from the butcher, we judge that a small fortune is needed to supply the table of a medium-sized family for a single month.

Great fortunes have not unfrequently been realized by the invention of some toy for children which meets the approval of the juvenile critics. The inventor of the common street toy known as the "Return Ball" is said to have realized $100,000. The inventor of the "Walking Doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago, made $75,000 by his patent. The dancing "Jim Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was invented by an invalid boy, and won a fortune.

Not long ago a strange and uncouth form, for many nights, invaded the back-yards, and disturbed the quiet of residents in the vicinity of Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. It was even whispered by the superstitious that its general appearance was not unlike that usually ascribed to the Evil One. Somebody, however, thinking, perhaps, that it was scarcely safe to let such a suspicious character run loose near a church, set a trap. The next morning the result was manifest in the shape of a bright-eyed, wiry, indomitable little animal, not unknown to school-boys by the cognomen of "woodchuck." He was duly shut up, but disappeared mysteriously—turning up at last in the centre of a ton of coal in the cellar into which he had burrowed. The inhabitants of the Heights can once more "sleep o' nights," and the children are in a mild and subdued excitement over the supposition that a colony of the nondescripts still survives in a hole under the church.

A young boy in St. Louis recently made an unexpected and somewhat appalling voyage through the air. He was playing ball with some young companions, when a sudden and violent storm of rain and wind came on. The children took shelter under some trees; but this boy, about ten years old, was suddenly caught up by the whirling gusts, and carried over a fence some twenty or thirty yards distant, and landed upon the top of a shanty, without, however, sustaining serious injury.

A week or two ago a young man from the country visited Cleveland, Ohio, in search of employment. A man to whom he applied asked if he could ride horseback. Thinking some pleasant occupation was in store for him, he eagerly replied in the affirmative. His prospective patron told him he had an opening for a young man—a business that necessitated a great deal of traveling. The applicant declared that he should like nothing better than to travel for a living, and a bargain was soon struck between the two. But he was somewhat chagrined at finding that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse in a circular track for the laudable purpose of grinding tan bark.

A lady (?) teacher in a town not far from Boston has recently been accused of brutally beating a school-boy. The Boston *Traveller*, in commenting upon this, says: "It must be admitted that a parent has just cause for indignation when a cut an inch long is made through the skin of a child's forehead by a heavy ruler in the hands of an infuriated and vixenish teacher. The time for scalping school children in this manner, in old Massachusetts, has gone by."

It is often a serious question whether *old letters* should be kept. Now a case recently occurred which proves conclusively that very important results may be brought about through the instrumentality of letters which, in and of themselves, might not be worth keeping. Some time last June a house in Utica was robbed. Among the things taken was a writing-desk containing the correspondence of the young lady. A short time since the young lady received a letter postmarked "Williamsburg, N. Y.," in which the writer said he did not wish to keep the things he had taken, and that she would find a box containing them at the American Express Office in Utica. The package was found at the office, as the thief said, and contained all the missing articles. The letter of the thief to the young lady closed with the declaration that, if he "ever married again, she [the young lady] should be the bride!" And apparently he had become enamored of her through reading the letters in her desk.

It is quite impossible for a lady to know where her pocket-book is most secure when outside of her own house. It certainly is not safe in any ordinary pocket. Many ladies fancy they make sure of it by keeping it in the hand; but if boys commence practicing highway robbery at the age of five years, a pocket-book in sight is only a temptation. The other day, as a lady was passing through Thirty-eighth Street, carrying her purse in her hands, a youngster about five or six years old snatched it from her and started off with it. Another boy, a little larger, ran after him, saying, "Missus, I'll get it for you." Overtaking the fugitive almost immediately, the young knight, having obtained the purse, was himself overcome with temptation, and instead of returning it to the distressed lady, continued in a contrary direction. The lady, however, followed him, and overtaking him shortly, had him arrested.

The London *Court Journal* says that in ancient times when the "*kilt*" was the prevailing covering for gentlemen the ladies wore a very elegant skirt of Grecian derivation, which might be resuscitated. Like crinoline, it gave great freedom in walking, but unlike it, there was no distension. The skirt was of the full circumference of the present fashion, touching the forestep in front and sweeping behind; a frog button was placed above each knee, about two inches from which the skirt was split downward and trimmed. The stockings were similar to the Highland hose, gartered below the knee, so that "the pretty leg" of the lady had the same free scope in stepping out as their kilted "Lord of the Isles."

The Dagmar sash is a novelty which is so pretty that it is likely to be exceedingly popular. It is made of velvet, and is only worn with ball dresses. This waistband forms a basque round the bodice, and it is cut out round the edge in large, wide scollops; it forms at the back a sort of fan, the leaves of which are indicated with rows of either gold or silver buttons. A pretty toilet is described, consisting of an Empress-blue velvet Dagmar sash worn with a white tulle dress; the scollops were trimmed with gold lace, and the back with radiating lines of gold buttons; pockets were indicated at the sides with gold lace.

A new monthly, entitled the *Aldgate Magazine*, is published by a large clothing-house of London. The "sensational novel" style of advertising is adopted in it, of which the following is a sample: "This man, so tall, so graceful, dressed in one of Mills & Co.'s elegant black suits, at 50*s.*, was approaching her. She trembled! It was he—it could be no other! She recognized him by the glossy hat bought of Mills & Co. for 7*s.* 6*d.*, by the exquisite fit of his handsome boots, 14*s.*, and that most gentlemanly of over-coats, sold only by Mills & Co. at 35*s.* Her heart beat audibly; her limbs bent beneath her; she was about to fall upon the green-sward, when—" It would be an improvement for the advertisers to stop here and say, "The remainder of this very interesting story will be found in the next number of the Magazine."

A census has recently been taken of the dogs inhabiting Paris. The city possesses 40,987 dogs, 35,000 of which are pets and 11,986 watch dogs. This gives an average of one dog to every forty persons.

An English working-man has invented a plan by which the action of a shower of rain is made to close an open window. The window, when opened, stretches two India rubber springs. These springs are prevented from drawing the window down by means of a curved rod fixed outside the sash, the end of which works up and down in a tubular, bell-mouthed stand on the window-sill. A piece of loaf-sugar is inserted into the mouth of the stand, and the end of the rod is let down gently on it. The sugar prevents the rod descending in the tube, and, of course, keeps the window-sash up. As soon as it begins to rain the bell-mouth of the tube collects the drops, the sugar is melted, and the sash is drawn up.

In Circassia the more daughters a man has the richer he is; each represents a certain value, and this value is estimated at so many cows. At Constantinople the circulating medium changes from cows to piastres. So the proprietors of such articles as young ladies are very anxious to bring their goods to a better market, and the goods themselves have not the slightest objection to the change. The dearest wish of a Circassian girl's heart is to get to Constantinople. A harem on the Bosphorus is her idea of perfect bliss. As the modern Jason of Turkey will not go to Colchis to carry off his Medea, it follows that Medea must come to Jason. But the dragon's teeth have been sown, and grown up into Russian soldiers, which have all to be destroyed before Medea can escape and attain the consummation of her happiness. According to the best accounts, the recent revolt at Soukoum had nothing political in it. The attack was made upon the garrison of the place for no other purpose than to get off a cargo of damsels to the Bosphorus. The locality is the ancient Colchis; it is near to the mouth of the classic Phasis, and this event was literally another Argonautic expedition wanting to get afloat.

This little gem of thought is well worth reading and practicing upon:

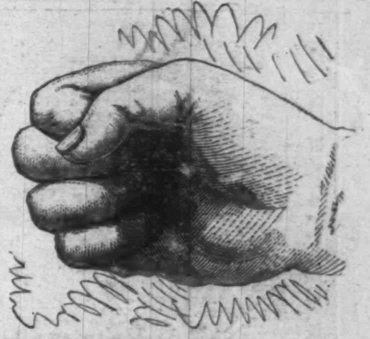
"One thoroughly good-humored person in a house will do more to preserve both the moral and physical health of the inmates than a fashionable physician and a popular preacher together."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COOL IDEA.—Experiments have recently been made with "chilled projectiles," which have proved them to be prodigiously destructive. Of old, when it happened that an enemy hove in sight, the order to the gunners was to "give it to him hot." In future, "take it coolly," will perhaps be the command; and we shall not hear so much about the heat of an engagement, when the victory is won by chilled projectiles and cold steel.

Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink?

If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt? If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong? If 5½ yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk? If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy? If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?



PORTRAIT OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.
[BY OUR SPECIAL.]

An old gentleman who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way in every thing all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive *that* a great while."

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she's all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

GIRLS "IES."

Fallen from grace old names come down,
And dress'd in tatters roam round town;
Falling, they've grasp'd and tried to clench
At facing beauty in "bad French!"
Magdalene, penitent, oh, what a fate
As Maggie thou must navigate.
Agnes, deprived of nes, as Aggie,
Looks like a leg of mutton scraggy.
Nancy, poor girl, is now a Nannie;
Frances flaunts all round as Fannie.
Mary, sweet name of grace, is Marie;
While Caroline falls down to Carrie.
Stately Cordelia walks as Delie,
Matilda writes her name thus—Tillie.
Margaret, "the pearl" of names, is Maggie;
Martha descends to simple Mattie.
Phœbe, for shortness, we call Pattie;
Harriet is better known as Hattie.
Emily, faith, her name is Emmie;
Jane has become an errant Jennie.
Elizabeth dances up as Lizzie;
Betsy as Bessie is as busy.
Gertrude, oh, horrors! shines as Tudie;
While Julia (black hair'd) beams as Julie.
Louisa only known as Lulie;
Helen as Nellie wants to fool ye.
Rebecca, Beckie signs her name;
Susan as Susie does the same.
Bridget with truthfulness is Biddie,
Lydia contents herself with Lyddie,
While glorious Sarah makes a Sallie,
And Alice lives all round "Our Allie."

A LITTLE AHEAD OF NOAH.—A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and M'Lean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the M'Leans was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" asked M'Lean. "The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flock," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood!" said M'Lean; "my clan was afore the flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean that hadn't a boat of his ain?"

"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read; and if he wasn't the most patientest man that ever was he never could have stood it so long, nohow."

Why is a policeman like a good conundrum?—Because you must look sharp to find him out.

LINES TO A SLUMBERING INFANT.

Sweet bud of frail humanity! thou liest
(I mean repose, of course, and not a fib)
Lapt in Elysian slumbers, and thou sighest
Serenely, heaving thy young guileless bib
With the long breath of sleep. Thy baby lips
Pout with a baby snore, like Zephyr's sigh;
And as thou suck'st thy tiny finger-tips.
Thou—stay a moment, for he opes his eye,
And I must rock his cradle, lest he wake
And wail to find the world is not all pap.
Hush! He is going off—let no one make
The slightest stir, or it will rouse, mayhap—
Ha! What a slam! Confound the noisy door!
He's wide awake as Phœbus, God of Day.
Now he begins—good Heavens, what a roar!—
Here! Susan, take this squalling brat away!

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" But observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, Madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

Foote, the comedian, traveling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare? "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except the mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except any body whatever," said he. "But you must!" bawled the host. "I won't!" "You must!" At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—*except the mayor.*

A SKYLARK—A Balloon Ascent.

TO NEWSPAPER CONTRIBUTORS.

Don't send a manuskript, unless you kan read it yurself, after it gits dry.

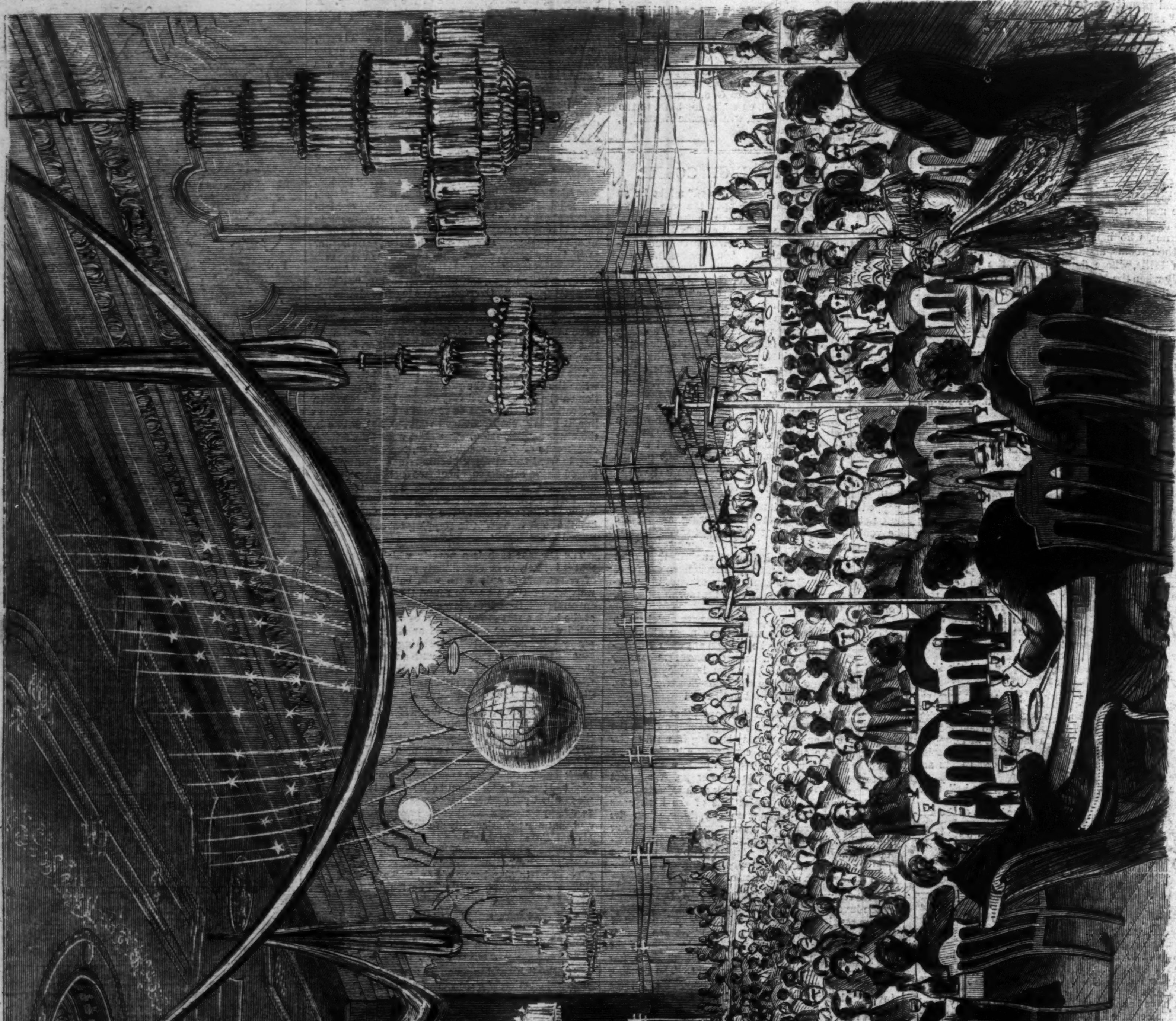
Don't write only on one side ov the manuskript, and don't write mutch onto that.

The highest market price paid for awful ralerode smashes, and elopements with another man's wife.

We pay, aul the way up hill, from 10 cents tew one dollar for contribushuns, ackording tew heft.

Aul settlements made promptly at the end ov the next ensueing year.

No notis will be took (from this date hereafterward) ov letters that hain't got a postage-stamp onto them.



BANQUET IN HONOR OF CYRUS W. FIELD, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NOVEMBER 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 757.]

EVACUATION DAY—WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO NEW YORK, November 25, 1783.—From a Drawing by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See First Page.]

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

It was some weeks after the momentous occurrences above related that Mrs. Mulcaster and her fair daughters found themselves together in their pretty drawing-room, following, or attempting to follow, their accustomed avocations.

Miss Mulcaster, pale and sweet as a lily that has peeped out in the confidence of May, and been nipped by that inclement season, seemed, of the three, to have made the greatest efforts to be industrious, and to have succeeded least.

Her harp, with one string snapped (a catastrophe that brought the day's practice to a conclusion), stood on one side; some work lay on the other. Before her was an unfinished landscape, with something terrible in the sky, and, in the fore-ground, an incomplete traveler, who had reined up his steed in very natural consternation at the weird aspect of things. A perfect parapet of books, blue, red, mauve, yellow, evinced that the young lady had tried, by every ordinary means, to exorcise the demon of unrest before folding her white hands and yielding fairly to the languid inactivity in which we find her.

It had been a week of much uncertainty and discontent. The mere material absence of George was an evil in itself. Nobody ever bore teasing like him. Never was a victim whose gentle retorts gave greater zest to provocation! These pleasures had departed, and left a weary void. The hours his presence had enlivened must be filled up somehow, and every attempt to do this in a satisfactory manner had ended in signal failure. As for the *cause* of his absence, that was, by consent, ignored, as a matter at once too distressing for laughter, and too absurd for tears.

Mrs. Mulcaster had proposed change of scene for her injured darling, and had even written surreptitiously to a friend, Lady Mary St. Colomb, at Ryde, on the subject of cheerful lodgings; but Mildred, on being sounded, at once announced her intention of remaining where she was, until—until—no matter— To which period the project was accordingly deferred.

Remarkable rumors had reached The Haie during the past week. That something of an unusual nature had occurred at Gosling Graize could not admit of a doubt. But what was it? The hundred tongues of rumor sometimes confound each other, and nothing comes of the Babel but a desperate rout. There was no coherence in the advices from the village with which Gosling Graize held its most intimate relations. If, for example, as alleged, Sir George had shown symptoms of aberration of intellect, how should the cook's having killed a dog in the same condition have been the means of her master's recovery? Or how should the reported betrothal of Sir George to a young lady of enormous wealth, and descent little short of royal, have proved so unacceptable to a very illustrious personage as to induce the Reverend Mr. Phlunkey to decline the publication of the bans for the ensuing Sunday? Again, why should the decease of the dog throw the cook, who killed him, into such a frenzy of despair, that nothing short of the marriage of Sir George with a Miss Van Splagen, who was a remote connection of the burgomaster of Saardam, restore her equanimity? The cook, the dog, the lady, and Sir George, seemed, in short, to be engaged in a sort of reel, into which the butler, though without a partner, was perpetually intruding and creating the most perplexing complications.

Vague and cursory allusions had fallen from casual visitors; but those parties had invariably, like skaters approaching a spot marked "dangerous," glanced swiftly off into indifferent topics, having that forced flavor that indicates, unmistakably, how imminent had been the peril. Into these poor Mrs. Mulcaster, burning with anxiety to understand what had really happened, was compelled to follow. Come what might of Gosling Graize and its proprietor, it was not for her to express one word of interest in the matter. But she compared notes in private with her younger daughter, and was at no pains to conceal her disquietude.

"You may smile, Louisa, and arch your brows, but mark my words. That boy, in his excitement, has done something rash—committed himself, I mean, to some folly that it may tax all the ingenuity of his friends to set aside, and may, after all, entail upon him lasting misery."

"Be quite easy, dearest mamma," replied Louisa, "and mark *my* words. In another week George will be among us on the same footing as before."

Her mother smiled at the bold prophecy, but shook her head.

"I know George Gosling," she said.

"And I Mildred Mulcaster," said Louey.

As the ladies sat together on the day we have mentioned, a visitor waited upon them, the announcement of whose name seemed to create a subdued sensation not wholly complimentary.

"Miss Shrapnell."

This lady was the last that remained unmarried of the very numerous daughters of the late Lord Boombe. The deceased nobleman had been a quiet, mild-mannered little man, shy and nervous to the last degree. His disposition was so gentle and humane that it seems like a pleasantry to state that his whole existence was passed in the invention of the most terrific agents for the destruction of the person and property of his fellow-men.

To him is society indebted for the first conception of that delicate little instrument the Seaquake shell, whose mere fillip suffices to hurl the largest line-of-battle ship that ever swam fifty fathoms out of her native element.

To Lord Boombe the world's best acknowledgments are considerably overdue for that beautiful adaptation of steam-power to military ends, which, at the distance of three miles, will effect the annihilation of an entire battalion, colonel, drummers, band, doctor, and all, in the insignificant space of one minute and a half.

Encouraged by obtaining, after a correspondence of thirty-five years, the consent of Government to test the value of this last invention on the very first favorable opportunity, his lordship next turned his attention to the perfecting his balloon siege-bomb, calculated to reduce, at one discharge, the most powerful fortress in Europe, when a slight explosion in his laboratory, so trivial as to have been mistaken by the butler for the cat sneezing, shattered his nervous system, and, in fact, originated the illness from which he died.

The family mansion, Battery-Boombe, was curious in itself, as representing the old system of Vauban adapted to the residence of a small British family. It had a draw-bridge, moat, and wall, with salient and re-entering angles complete, although it was almost beyond the range of possibility that any rational human being would sally or re-enter thereby. There was a laboratory and a guard-room, besides another apartment or two, the whole made bomb-proof with a covering of earth twelve feet thick, the six young ladies inhabited the casemates, until, finding, in due course, mates of another description, they were discharged—married—like shots fired at regular intervals. The sixth, and now the sole, Miss Shrapnell, formed, with her own modest establishment, the entire garrison holding Battery-Boombe, from which she descended, grenade in hand, whenever a fitting opportunity for exploding the same with effect seemed to present itself.

Miss Shrapnell, like her excellent father, had a soft, silken manner, which went some way toward winning entrance into the good graces of all who were not forewarned of what was likely to ensue. She had a knack of possessing herself of every species of unwelcome news. She would mould and condense the same into a verbal ball, and, having first artfully created a little garden of delight, in which every body was completely happy and at ease, bang went the shot into the very midst, and off, in the confusion, sailed Miss Shrapnell, exulting.

Mrs. Mulcaster was fully aware of this little peculiarity, and felt toward her visitor much the same regard and confidence with which James the First might have welcomed Guy Fawkes, had that gentleman escaped and presented himself at a levee.

Sweetly and softly Miss Shrapnell came melting into the room.

"Dear friends! *At last.* Hush—stop. Dear Miss Mulcaster, for one moment I implore you—don't stir—don't even breathe! Heavens! what a picture!" (She drew a deep inspiration.) "Enough! Thanks. You three dear, beautiful, and happy beings," continued the enthusiastic lady. "What a gift is *yours*! Without uttering one syllable, without the movement of a muscle, you have been able to make a poor solitary creature happy for the day. How bright you look—"

"Louey, draw down that blind," said Mrs. Mulcaster.

"—how tranquil! how serene! Dear Mrs. Mulcaster, how sweetly this troublesome world glides onward with its favored few! Nature, art, destiny, seem to enter into little plots to make certain people happy. Are you not of these, dear friend? Confess, now—are you not as perfectly content as human heart can desire?"

"I—I am very content and happy—in my surroundings," said the lady addressed, suspiciously.

"*Content!*" moaned Miss Shrapnell. "Then, may Heaven forgive you!"

"Well, I hope so," said Mrs. Mulcaster, still on her guard. "But may I ask *why?*"

"Content! Simply content! Your glorious Mildred! Your gentle, twining Louey!"

"I am called a parasite!" said Miss Louisa, pretending to pout.

"With such blessings as these, my dear Mrs. Mulcaster," continued their visitor, in an admonitory tone, "I hold flat contentment nothing short of crime! This dear nest of yours always reminds me of— Dear me! Mildred, darling, *you* know every thing—what's that that builds upon the sea?"

"Is it a riddle?" asked Mildred.

"No; a question."

"A duck," said Mildred, languidly.

"Nonsense, my dear; a hal—something. Well, The Haie always reminds me of the hal thing. Sunshine and smooth waters. Not one ripple. Not one cloud."

Mrs. Mulcaster became seriously alarmed. Miss Shrapnell had evidently covered the enemy, and was fingering the lanyard of her gun. If Mildred could only be got out of range all was well.

"Mildred, sweet," she said, anxiously, "Miss Shrapnell, I am sure, will kindly excuse you. Remember your little walk."

Mildred, sweet, was, however, insensible to the danger, and, being indisposed for any little walk, retained her seat.

"Well, *I*, at all events, must go my way," resumed Miss Shrapnell. "Five minutes in this dear, tranquil house does more for me than an hour elsewhere. It tones and braces me. The music of the spheres (which must have been something highly gratifying) might surely find a parallel in the quiet soothing harmony that pervades this blessed mansion. Do you know I always feel inclined to call it 'home?'"

"I am sure you could not pay it a more welcome compliment than by making it such as much as possible," said the lady addressed, preparing to bow the visitor out as promptly as politeness allowed.

"Adieu, then, my happy Three!" cried the affectionate lady, and, to Mrs. Mulcaster's equal surprise and relief, tripped harmlessly away. Still, there was a lurking gleam in her eye, like the glimmering of a port-fire, and Mrs. Mulcaster could hardly bring herself to believe that Fawkes, after laying his powder with such manifest pains, would depart without applying the match.

Her misgiving was correct. The bonnet of Miss Shrapnell, like the muzzle of a gun suddenly run out, reappeared at the door. She smiled sweetly on the three:

"Heard the news?"

"No!" exclaimed Mildred.

"Sir George Gosling is engaged to his cook."

Miss Shrapnell softly closed the door and drove away in the highest glee. Never had she delivered a calmer, more accurate, and more discomfiting shot. It was some minutes before the excellent lady could compose herself fitly to the preparation of another little missile, intended for a quiet family, who, she had every reason to believe, had money in a country bank that had suspended payment that morning.

The explosion of an actual bomb in the drawing-room of The Haie could hardly have produced greater consternation. Mildred threw up her arms with a cry of horror. Louisa burst into tears. Mrs. Mulcaster, better prepared for the fatal tidings, thought only of their effect upon her darling—on whom she lavished every consolation her mind could suggest. But Mildred repulsed her; not harshly, however. Self-reproach was the dominant feeling. George had done only what he had threatened, and had been defied to do. The work was entirely her own.

"I am a vile, wicked, heartless woman," moaned Mildred. "Take away your hands, mamma. Let nobody caress me—nobody comfort me. I tell you I am all made up of self and folly. Oh, mamma—why didn't you? *Why* didn't you?"

"My treasure, didn't I *what?*" said Mrs. Mulcaster, soothingly.

"Punish me when I was little!" retorted the spoiled one, with flashing eyes. "You knew my willfulness."

"Pretty well," sighed poor Mrs. Mulcaster.

"There—you confess it—and with all my life's happiness at stake! Oh, mamma, I wish I could forgive you!"

"Louisa, do you hear *this?*" said Mrs. Mulcaster, turning to her younger daughter. "Should Providence ever send you children, recollect that too great tenderness may cost you their duty."

"Mildred is not herself, mamma," said Louey, with some warmth. "I do believe she is mad."

"I thank you, Louisa, for your very kind and sisterly remark," said Mildred, majestically. "I shall at least know where I need not seek comfort or sympathy in my sorrow."

"You told us, dear, you did not want any," replied Louisa.

Mildred put her tiny hands to her face.

"Louey, Louey!" exclaimed her mother, "surely this is not the tone. Govern your temper, I beg, or I must request you to leave the room until my suffering child is better able to endure such rebukes."

"I am not suffering at all, mamma," said Mildred, bursting into a flood of tears.

"My darling, compose yourself. See, Louisa, what your violence has done! Hark, hark! There's a visitor. Quick, Louisa! Not at home!"

"Stop, Louey," said Mildred, wiping her beautiful eyes, and regaining her dignity. "This must not be. Let them come. Let any body come. Mamma, I am ashamed of you. Would you wish it said that your daughter was breaking her heart in solitude because her lover had deserted her for his scullion?"

"Because," remarked Louisa, dryly, "that would hardly represent the facts!"

"Hush, both of you!" said Mrs. Mulcaster, authoritatively.

And the servant announced

"Colonel Lugard."

The colonel saw at a glance that tidings of some sort had reached The Haie. Nevertheless, the smile he had worn on entering did not relax; but, on the contrary, broadened into a decided laugh.

"I caught sight of Miss Shrapnell's pony-carriage," he said, "as I turned into the drive and quickened my pace to a charging gallop. But I'm only in time to restore order. Whenever I can not anticipate my fair neighbor of Battery-Boombe, I make a point of following her as promptly as possible. And you can hardly imagine, my dear ladies, how much I am able to effect in binding up mental hurts, correcting intelligence, straightening distorted facts, and general repairs of a like description. I am a complete ambulance-corps attached to the division Shrapnell. Who's hit now? Come, tell the doctor. Well, my dear Miss Louisa, *you* look the gravest. I begin with you. The last piece of county gossip conveyed to you related to—to—shall I go on? A wedding."

Mrs. Mulcaster trembled, and glanced at Mildred; but her daughter's calm, fixed look, and the colonel's beaming smile reassured her. She let him go on.

"You," he said, addressing them all, "like myself, have heard a ridiculous rumor connecting the name of our young neighbor, George Gosling, with one so far beneath him in station that the jest—and a very bad and malicious one it was—ought to have been at once apparent."

Mildred's look thanked the speaker so eloquently that a sudden thrill shot through his heart, for he knew, that unlucky colonel, that there was *more*, considerably more, to say. With that radiant glance, too joyful for disguise, entered into the colonel's startled soul the conviction that Mildred loved, and that he himself, purposing only to clear their general favorite, George, from an unworthy rumor, must, if he told his story out, scatter worse confusion than Miss Shrapnell herself.

He knew, in common with many others, that a union between the houses of Gosling and Mulcaster had been ranked among the very probable events of the county; but of the actual engagement, and its rupture, he knew nothing. Mrs. Mulcaster had, at his last visit, mentioned in a rather significant manner that intercourse with Gosling Graize had diminished. When, therefore, the report reached him that George was about to be married, and to one of his own domestic servants, his astonishment had been entirely limited to his young friend's selection. "There has been a row—a lovers' quarrel—a rash move of the rebel George," thought the perplexed officer, "and of *that*, bar the cook, they know nothing. Halt, there. Threes about!"

But this prudent manœuvre was not to be executed. The "three" before him would not permit it. Convinced of the falsehood of Miss Shrapnell's tidings, Mrs. Mulcaster saw no objection to continuing the subject.

"It is curious how circumstantial falsehood has become of late. My only wonder is that we were not favored with all the interesting particulars of Geo—Sir George Gosling's courtship."

"Ha, ha!" said the colonel. "Gossip, you know, grows like the Highland cairn. Every body adds a stone!"

"Scandalous! Stories like these, devoid of the merest atom of foundation, should be visited with some severe social penalty."

"Ahem!" said the colonel—"yes."

"You don't agree with me?"

"Perfectly. Without foundation—yes. *Such*," added the colonel, briskly, "could not be too severely reprehended."

"Such as *this*," said Mrs. Mulcaster, fixing him to the point.

The poor colonel winced. His sense of justice, even to a Shrapnell, was keen.

"I—I—the fact is, Will Crooke—" (Will Crooke, once his orderly, now his groom, was the colonel's reserve in difficulty; but here William could not act. The appeal was only a sign of distress.)

"I beg your pardon. Will—?"

"Yes. The—the fact is, I am a very poor retailer of gossip, and am sure to make some blunder or other. But Will—Will is the man. That fellow chronicles every incident in the neighborhood; and sometimes, as we are jogging along the road, gallops up, saluting, and reports some nonsense he has picked up as if it were tidings from an outpost. Well, I must say good-morning."

"You will do no such thing," said Mrs. Mulcaster, decisively, "until you have explained why you hesitated when I said there was no pretext for this wild story of Miss Shrapnell's."

"*Did* I hesitate?" said the colonel. "No—did I?" He glanced uneasily at Mildred. Should he tell all he knew, all that the too-reliable Will had been reporting to him, up to the moment that he, the colonel, dismounted at the door?

Relief came from an unexpected quarter.

"Sir George Gosling has *not* decided to marry his cook," said Mildred, with a perfectly steady voice and look. "Will you tell us, Colonel Lugard, if you are aware of his engagement to any other lady?"

Had the colonel detected the slightest change of color, the minutest tremor of tone, he would have fenced with the question, direct as it was. Taking courage, however, from the speaker's, he boldly admitted—of course, on the authority of Will Crooke—that the young baronet was understood to have made his selection, and that it had fallen upon a young lady every way qualified to grace her future station.

"That is—very well," said Mildred, in the same steady voice; "and—who—" but there the sound suddenly became a whisper, and ceased.

"Who is it?" asked Louisa.

"You remember," replied the colonel, "my mentioning a young person of singular appearance (some might call her handsome) whom I met in the park, and who picked up my—"

A cry from Mrs. Mulcaster! Louisa glancing like a white meteor across the room! She was barely in time. Mildred fell into her sister's arms, her beautiful hair flooding the ground. Her desperate attempt to enact the heroine had failed. Nature triumphed.

As for the poor colonel, alarmed yet helpless, as men usually are under such circumstances, and conscience-stricken besides, after making a feint toward the bell, then toward the window, murmurs of "Will Crooke" issuing from his lips, he judged it best to sound a retreat. While lingering in the hall a message from Mrs. Mulcaster announced that her daughter, restored to consciousness, had been conveyed to her room, and that she herself begged him to return.

"Can you," she said, "spare me five minutes longer?"

"*Can* I, my dear lady?" exclaimed the gossip-loving veteran—"I *will*." The colonel then related all he knew from Will Crooke about the meeting in the rose-garden, the encounter with the dog, and the sudden engagement between Sir George and Esther Vann.

"He had known her long?"

"Since five o'clock in the morning," said the colonel; "at which hour they met, quite accidentally, in the rose-pleasance. The acquaintance, however, ripened very rapidly. George's black dog, Swartz, selected that opportune moment for doing what, in my humble opinion, his master must have done before him. He went mad. The insane parties met, and but for the really heroic conduct of this girl, Esther Vann, very grave results might have ensued. If she did not actually save his life, she delivered him, at the risk of her own, from imminent peril. They were engaged before she quitted the house that day. The marriage is to take place almost immediately."

"A most delicate proceeding!" exclaimed the lady.

"It was not so purposed," resumed the colonel, reveling in the full tide of gossip; "but there was a row. Before George had made up his mind to inform his sister, Lady Haughfield, of his new engagement, some one (I know not who) did it for him. Down came my lady as fast as four horses could bring her, to remonstrate. No avail. George was kind, but immutable. This girl, who, he admitted, was his cook's niece and a nursery governess, but decently educated, should be his wife. Clara, in despair, telegraphed for Haughfield. (A bad move.) Down comes my lord, secretly furious, and, at the first interview, lost all that slight amount of temper he usually possesses. Gosling had borne with his sister, but he wouldn't stand *that;* and, to end the story, his visitors departed, carrying with them the assurance that George would resent their ill-advised and worse-managed interposition, by carrying out his intention at the very earliest moment to which the young lady could be prevailed on to agree. What arguments he used," concluded the colonel, "I can not pretend to say; but of this I am certain—Will Crooke *knows* it to be a fact—that the girl has consented to shorten, very materially, the interval for which, with a propriety for which we can't deny her credit, she had at first stipulated. The cook, her aunt, has removed to a small farm-house a few miles from hence, where her niece will, no doubt, join her, and the ceremony will take place at the little village—Rosedale—close at hand."

"A thousand thanks, my good friend," said Mrs. Mulcaster, rising nervously, and looking considerably alarmed at the task before her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The report of that active intelligencer, Will Crooke, to his colonel of the proceedings at Gosling Graize was strictly true, only falling short of reality in regard to the stormy character of the conference that followed Lord Haughfield's appearance on the scene. The temper of this noble person, never of the sweetest, was not improved by his compulsory jaunt of two hundred miles, nor by the unpromising aspect of affairs on his arrival. Thus, instead of temporizing with his young connection (George was by many years his junior), he gave such free expression to his own personal displeasure at the proposed match, that George, in his turn losing self-government, cut the matter short by declaring his intention irrevocable, and refused to hear another word on the subject. Swelling with rage and disappointment, Lord Haughfield would have ordered his horses, and departed on the spot—vowing that nothing on earth should induce him to taste food prepared by the hands of the future Lady Gosling's aunt—but for George's promise that this difficulty should be obviated by borrowing a neighbor's French cook. It needed all Clara's tact and eloquence to bring about an armistice which should save appearances, and subsist at all events till the following morning, when the visitors might depart in peace.

George was now alone, but far from happy. He was fond of his sister, and had secretly relied upon her for the re-establishment of good relations with his proud and sensitive brother-in-law, should these be disturbed by his projected marriage. But Clara had imbibed something of her lord's family pride, and this, added to the abrupt manner in which the news (which, she justly felt, should have come from her brother himself) had been conveyed to her, arrayed her feelings against him. He must fight it out alone.

And horribly alone he felt. The prospect of long months of this mental solitude, uncheered by the presence of her upon whom every thought of his heart was now unalterably fixed, almost made him frantic. A fever of impatience possessed him, to which neither solitude nor society seemed to offer any effectual relief. One thing was very certain, he could not wear out this weary interval at Gosling Graize. What if he should travel a little? George went to bed, thinking of Italy.

He was awakened by a cry of alarm and horror uttered by his own lips. He had had a frightful dream. Esther, her fair face torn and disfigured by the fangs of the rabid Swartz, appeared to him engaged in desperate conflict with the furious animal, and shrieking for aid. The vision was so real that he had risen and set foot on the floor before he was convinced of the illusion. In certain conditions of mind things that might else pass for no more than their actual value exercise a morbid tyranny over the reason and judgment. This dream, in George's mind, connected itself with evil of some kind impending over Esther. In vain he strove with the sinister presentiment. In vain he busied himself with traveling preparations.

A conviction fastened upon his mind that to quit her now would be to bid her an eternal farewell. At length he took the resolution to write to her one passionate appeal, in which, after describing the doubt and trouble that possessed him, he implored her to abandon, for his sake, the interval of delay for which she had stipulated, and accompany him to Italy as his bride.

While waiting her reply, George occupied himself with the arrangements rendered necessary by what would, in any case, be a prolonged absence from home. He took measures for selling his horses and reducing his establishment. Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, rendered totally ineffective by continued rheumatism, had resigned; and this circumstance had made it imperative that good Mrs. Turnover should, for the present, retain office, although George, who, in the altered aspect of affairs, disliked to see her in a menial capacity, would have preferred to have her remove at once to a pleasant and commodious cottage he had purchased at the pretty village of Rosedale, whither he hoped Esther would come to join her.

There was nothing now to prevent this arrangement being carried out, and George, after waiting several days in vain for an answer to his letter, determined to quit Goslin Graize on the morrow.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs. Turnover.

"I trust you will find every thing to your satisfaction, my good old friend," said George, "and that—that your niece may be persuaded to abandon her teaching and come to learn—learn housekeeping, I mean, under your able tuition, at Rosedale. Thus I shall perhaps see you both before I begin my travels."

Mrs. Turnover was in tears; she didn't know why; she always did cry when people went abroad. It seemed to imply a range and time of immense magnitude and duration.

"Wishing you the best of 'elth and sperrets, Sir," sobbed the good lady; "and, if I may be so bold, don't go nowhere, 'specially up hill, without a sangwidge in each pocket. Did I ever tell you, when you was a boy, them words of Mr. Turnover? They was his last."

"His *very* last?" asked George, suspiciously.

"Well, Sir, he'd been silent so long that we thought he was actially gone; and the nuss, which had been promised another job, wanted to put him in the coffin he'd ordered for hisself some days before, when, while we was arguin', T. opens one eye and crooks his little finger, which meant 'Lift me up and give me a table-spoonful of gruel, not too hot, with half a dozen drops of brandy in it.' That was giv', and he says, 'Don't cheat your stommich. Heat horfen and 'artily. If I'd heat a sangwidge every twenty minutes since I was five year old, I'd 'ave been an 'elthy indiwidual now. Adoo!"

Mrs. Turnover bobbed and departed.

Little slept the young master of the house that night. As he flung open the casement and welcomed the dawn a fancy seized him to visit the rose-pleasance where he had first heard that haunting voice that now seemed forever speaking to his soul. Autumn was now well advanced. Not a rose was to be seen, but George could have picked out the very tree by which Esther had stood—almost the very thorn by which she had been wounded—and, with the idle fancy peculiar to lovers and lunatics, snipped off the spray, thorns and all, and put it in his button-hole! Sitting in the bower from which he had issued to surprise the trespasser, he strove to conjure up the fairy face, and, having done so, fell into a reverie gloomier than ever. He knew that, in writing to her as he had done, he had broken the compact they had made, and her silence (for this was the fifth day) led him seriously to fear that she would act upon her threat and consider their intercourse as at an end.

The sound of the little gate opening disturbed his meditations. Mr. Fanshaw with the post-bag.

The butler announced that breakfast was on the table.

"In half an hour," said George. "I will read my letters here."

His eye had already detected a strange handwriting. It was a firm, fair hand, an Esther-like hand. He hesitated for an instant, then tore it open, and with a glance devoured the contents, which were of the briefest.

The blood flew to his forehead.

"She is *mine!*" he exclaimed, clasping the letter aloft in his exulting hands.

To explain this satisfactory result we must return for a moment to Esther herself.

When that inflexible young lady went back to her no sinecure at Mrs. Grimble's, she did so with the full intention of peremptorily dismissing from her mind all such recent recollections as were at all likely to interfere with the performance of her accustomed duties. Finding, however, that these comprised every word and incident that in the remotest degree connected themselves with her late visit to Gosling Graize, Esther next wisely determined to regard the whole merely as a beatific vision, which might, or might not, have reference to some future event, but by no means justified an abiding contemplation. And such an anomaly is woman's mind, that the calm and unimaginative Esther almost brought herself to believe that she had been the victim of an illusion! A glance at her wounded hand, however, always restored the reality.

"What do you look at your hand so often for, Miss Vann?" said little Maud Grimble. "Is it—Oh, Miss Vann, how bad!"

"Nonsense, dear, it's nothing. A mere scratch," replied Esther, mechanically putting it to her lips.

But Maud's exclamation had attracted the rest, who came clustering round to examine the hurt.

"What a long scratch! Does it pain you still, dear?" asked her eldest pupil.

"Not at all. I like it. I love it!" replied Esther, impatiently.

"Like a scratch!" chorused the wondering circle.

"What did I say? You are making me talk nonsense, I think," said the young governess. "Go on with your lesson, Maud. The products of Staffordshire are—"

But little people are observant; and that brief dialogue, and the wound that was "liked," were not forgotten.

This story must be frankly told. Poor Esther, despite her gallant struggle to regain her usual course of thought and duty, was destined to fail. One haunting doubt, that nothing could exorcise, presented itself more and more, infesting even her innocent dreams, so that she would awake under the consciousness, as it were, of some accusation to which she could oppose no sufficient answer. Suppose, something whispered, George's lost love has repented of her precipitancy, and learned with bitter remorse that her heart was all his own? Suppose that this fact should be made known to George? Would it revive the sentiments so long cherished, so lately overcome? Could she put faith in her lover's present feelings? Nay, ought he to rely upon his own? Even if it were so, had she, Esther, acted honorably in assisting to neutralize all hope of a reconciliation between persons separated only by the caprice of one?

This state of doubt and perplexity began to influence her bodily health. Headaches (to which she had hitherto been a stranger) and a strange nervousness, with accelerated pulse and other feverish symptoms, at times assailed her. In spite of every effort at self-control, she found herself becoming captious, irritable, impatient. This cost the poor girl many penitent tears, and weeping renewed her headache, until she gave herself up to the doubtful comfort of gazing upon the "mere scratch," which had long since healed, by way of balm to the still-open and far more dangerous wound within.

Such a condition of things could not be favorable to the progress of Grimble education. Mr. and Mrs. Grimble, though good-hearted people in their way, had been trained in the comfortless school of genteel poverty. By pinching alone could they maintain what they conceived to be their social status. Hence they had not hesitated to avail themselves of the services of Esther, both as nurse and governess, for their six children, without other remuneration than her board and lodging. They knew that, save for her worthy aunt, Mrs. Turnover, Esther was without friends capable of assisting her, and kept the secret of their jewel governess so tightly that, I am sorry to say, when once an opportunity presented itself of placing Esther in a far superior position, Mrs. Grimble so successfully under-estimated her governess's acquirements as to retain her in the family. Of this circumstance Miss Vann had been somehow made aware. But warmly attached to her pupils, and content with the personal kindness she received from her employers, she had willingly remained in the position in which we found her.

"Do you know, Grimble, I am not quite pleased with Esther of late?" said Mrs. G. to her lord. "Ever since her last visit to her Aunt Turnover, when she stopped away all night without my leave, she has been like a changed girl. I am afraid she neglects the children."

"Ha! why do you think so, my dear?" inquired Mr. Grimble, with whom Esther was rather a favorite.

"I've had it on my mind some time," said the lady, "and to-day I examined them all. They have not advanced one bit. Margaret's still in simple long division; Maud insisted that Dublin was the capital of North Wales; and Tommy had a theory that eggs were the invention of Christopher Columbus, when straitened for provisions while looking for the pole. I shall speak very seriously to Esther on the subject."

"Of the egg, my dear? And 'seriously?' It is more than *I* would promise to do," said her husband, laughing. "But," he added, "do you think that Esther is quite well? She has looked queerly at times. Besides, she is a good girl, and remember, mamma, we don't pay her a princely salary!"

"We give her all she wants, and we treat her as an equal, which is more than they would do at any of your great houses," returned the lady; "and she ought to do her duty by us according."

"—*Ly*, my love," put in Mr. Grimble, who, since Esther had been in the house, had grown particular in his grammar. "Well, so she ought. Give her a jog, if you like, just to keep her up to the collar, you know, that's all."

On the day that witnessed this conversation, headache, and that strange sense of uneasiness before alluded to, had compelled poor Esther to seek her own chamber, where she sat with flushed and burning cheeks, striving vainly to compose her troubled thoughts. She no longer attempted to disguise from herself the strength of the feeling that possessed her. She loved with a wild ineradicable love, the depths of which she dared not fathom. But, *he?*—

"I—I can not bear this," she gasped, with a choking sob that seemed to give her pain. "Is it—is it real? Dare I believe him? Oh, if he can not love me, let me die!"

"Miss Vann! Esther! A letter for you, dear," said a small voice outside the bolted door, and the missive was skillfully passed under it, the bearer skipping away.

Esther snatched it from the ground. It was not a short letter; but the contents appeared to be comprehended at a glance.

It was her lover's letter, coming like an answer to her prayer. Enough to say that George had set forth, with all the illogical but convincing arguments true passion will suggest, the reasons that existed for a speedy termination of the present condition of suspense. He implored her to place herself under the affectionate care of her only relative, in the home he had provided for the latter, to permit him to visit her there, and to sanction the preparations for their union at the earliest moment to which his prayers might induce her to accede.

Thereupon began a fresh tumult in her soul. Despite its passion there was apparent in George's letter an honest truth, before which all doubts dwindled and dispersed to air. The temptation to listen to his pleading was strong, while her own heart ceased not to whisper: "Yield, yield; what would you more?" On the other hand, her sense of delicacy recoiled from the suddenness of the step. Their slight and recent acquaintance, still more the fact of his having so lately stood in the same relation toward another, demanded delay. She would pause upon it, and might Heaven direct her judgment right!

Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door, just sufficiently imperious to denote the mistress of the house. Placing the letter in her bosom Esther hastened to admit her.

"Oh, we feared that you were unwell," began Mrs. Grimble; "but you are really looking better than usual. So I may say, without fear of increasing your indisposition, what I came about. Your care of the children, Miss Vann, has considerably relaxed of late."

"Ma'am," faltered Esther, conscious that the charge was not entirely without foundation.

"This must be amended, child," said Mrs. Grimble, coldly pursuing her advantage.

"I—I have not been quite myself lately," replied Esther, pressing her hot hand upon her brow.

"I have just made the remark that you look even better than usual," said Mrs. Grimble, statelily. "I will thank you not to contradict me, Miss Vann." (Esther courtesied.) "I do not wish for any words with you. I have merely to remind you that, in return for the peculiar advantages you enjoy in being at all times treated as a member of my family, I have a right to expect that your undivided interest and attention be centred in my children. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, ma'am," said Esther; "and I have to thank you for this most opportune visit, which has enabled me to decide upon a point of distressing difficulty. I am going to leave you."

"How! *What!* leave me, child?" exclaimed the alarmed lady. "Whither could you go?"

"*Not* to Mrs. Margesson's," said Esther, quietly. (The name brought a slight color into Mrs. Grimble's cheek.) "I am going to my aunt, who is now residing at Rosedale."

"And—and the chil— Nonsense, Esther. I was only joking."

"*I am not,*" said Esther, steadily. "I should not hold such jesting fair. I love your children, and am indebted to you, and even more to Mr. Grimble, for an amount of kindness not always shown even to those who can give something in return. But my mind is made up. I will remain, however, for a few days, if you think fit, that my pupils may not be deprived of such inefficient teaching as I can still afford; for, indeed," added Esther, rather appealingly, "I am not so well as you persist in believing."

Poor Mrs. Grimble was fain to accept this concession, and the interview terminated, leaving on her hands the unpleasant duty of informing her husband that not only had Miss Vann refused to be kept "up to the collar," but had slipped out of it altogether.

Rosedale, whither the last scene of this strange, eventful history conducts us, was a pretty, sequestered village, in and around which more than one of George's ancestors had held property. Hence, though it was somewhat nearer to The Haie than George would have preferred—about four miles—he had selected it as an eligible residence for his faithful old servant, and provided her with the prettiest cottage-dwelling in the district. Every thing requisite for comfort—even many elegances—had been liberally supplied; for George trusted it might prove the temporary nest of a brighter bird than she whom he sent forward to prepare the way.

He was not disappointed. Esther came; and the third meeting in the world of these singular lovers took place in the little pleasance George had caused to be planted, regardless of expense, in imitation of that at The Graize. Happy beyond expression they lingered in the autumn-tinted wood-walks, or sat beside the chattering brook, while Mrs. Turnover, in her glory, superintended the preparation of those marriage garments, etc., to which her darling could be prevailed upon to give but slight attention.

Esther's new-found peace seemed to impart a new beauty to her charming features; but there were still times when the feverish flush would reappear, and a quickened pulse and glistening eye indicated some morbid action lurking in her sensitive system.

"One day, when George, who had been absent a little longer than usual, meeting her in her walk, leaped from his horse and clasped her hand, she gave a little involuntary cry of pain. George eagerly inquired the cause, and in doing so, noticed the peculiar feverish and excited expression we have mentioned.

He learned that she had yesterday struck her hand accidentally against a book-case exactly upon the scar left by the rose-thorn at Gosling Graize. It had given her more pain than was easy to be accounted for, seeing that that famous wound had long since healed; and, besides an extreme tenderness on the spot itself, she had since suffered from severe shooting pains, following the direction of the surrounding nerves up to the very shoulder and neck.

George looked at the scar. It was no longer white, but a dark, livid red, and that not only at the seat of the recent bruise, but throughout its entire length.

"My darling, this must be looked to," he said. "The blow has touched a nerve. This terrible wound! When will it cease to reproach me, I wonder?" He kissed it softly as he spoke.

"Do you know that even the touch of your lips gives me a twinge of pain?" said Esther, laughing. "But, what matters, dear? After all, a mere scratch!"

George lingered long that day, as if he could not tear himself from the side of his betrothed, whose spirits were higher than common. Wit and fancy sparkled through her merry talk, and when George reluctantly departed the night through which he rode seemed dark enough.

When he was fairly gone Esther turned deadly pale and burst into tears, trembling, and at intervals sighing heavily. A reaction had taken place. Mrs. Turnover, frightened, insisted upon her going instantly to bed; and to make sure, saw her thither.

But Esther could not sleep. Something oppressed her breathing. The shooting pains in her hand and arm became more frequent and acute. Soon the very silence seemed to grow intolerable, and she rose and opened the window. The moon was near the full, and as Esther gazed upon the shining mystery sailing smoothly and dumbly through the fields of air a sudden and violent shiver darted through her frame. Afraid of a chill she closed the casement, and once more sought her pillow. This time she slept, indeed, but it was only to be the victim of frightful dreams.

Wretched and unrefreshed she rose almost with the dawn, and was shocked at her own strange looks. With a strong mental effort she threw off the morbid uneasiness that tormented her, and, calmed with prayer, walked out into the pleasance. The morning was dull and overcast; but this, perhaps, from harmonizing with her present condition of mind, seemed more soothing than sunshine. At all events she felt herself growing better, when a little girl, who was proud to act as her special attendant, tripped up the garden and placed a letter in her hand.

The writing was strange. She opened it, read—the blood, rushing to her head, almost blinded her—but she had caught the meaning:

"Beware of the step you are about to take. A caprice, bitterly repented, estranged for a moment two hearts long and loyally united. But for *you* all had been well. Forego the hollow conquest you think you have made. It will be a noble sacrifice and will be as nobly rewarded."

There was no signature. But a legion of witnesses could not have brought home the truth more indisputably to Esther's bursting heart.

"This, *this*, then, was the coming horror!" she cried aloud. "I felt it; I was warned. Yet still, so sudden! My love so perfect, my hope so near! I—I will go in, and seek—"

With faint, uncertain steps she made her way to her chamber. Hardly entered, she was seized with a convulsive nervous spasm, so violent that, unable to reach her bed, she sank upon the floor. In doing so she struck her hand slightly on the ground. Instantly an acute pang, commencing from the scar, shot upward, till it ended with a piercing shock, as if a nail had been driven into her very brow. The faintness increased.

"*Water,*" she thought. "If I could only reach the water!"

She did manage it; but, although longing to cool her burning throat, dashed the half-filled goblet from her. A globe, rising with a twisting, vermicular sensation in her throat, threatened suffocation. She tried to cry out, but could not. She could only mutter:

"Must I die? What—what is this?"

As if in awful answer, a pang, more severe than any that had preceded it, shot from her wounded hand, succeeded by a convulsive tremor pervading her whole frame. She looked at the scar. It was red and angry, seemed ready to open, and even now giving out an ichorous fluid. The truth flashed upon her.

"I am lost!" gasped the unhappy girl, sinking on her knees. "The mad dog!"

After a second or two she rose and made two or three wild steps toward the door, as if to seek for aid; but, if so, the consciousness that no human help could now avail stopped her, and her thoughts flew to George. Even in that hour of anguish one comforting thought visited her. It was for *him* she had incurred this end.

But who—oh, who should tell him? What was to be done? Might Heaven send the needful strength, and keep her senses clear! She scarcely doubted of the latter, for, acquainted with the ordinary phenomena of this fearful disease, she recollected that the senses and faculties are rather stimulated by it than impaired.

Although medicine could not cure, it might alleviate, might retard. With a calmness that astonished herself, Esther laid out her scheme; for time was brief indeed, and nothing must go wrong. She sent word to her aunt that she should return to breakfast in half an hour; then, putting on her thickest veil, hurried to the house of the village doctor.

Mr. Woford was a young practitioner, with a wife who looked like a child, and several children, who looked as if they had no business there at all. He was alone in his surgery—he generally *was*—and thither Esther proceeded.

Throwing back her veil, and displaying her flushed cheeks and glistening eyes, the visitor held out her hand:

"Can you tell me, Sir, what is the matter with me?" she asked him, steadily.

Mr. Woford smiled at the abruptness, but his look changed as he felt her galloping pulse, and remarked the tokens, manifest even to him, of unwonted disarrangement. There was fever, he thought, but his opinion inclined to hysteria, and the questions he put to her were inspired thereby. He recommended repose of mind and body, and promised to send immediately what he considered needful.

He quickly prepared the things of which he spoke, added some careful directions, and would have attended her home, but this she declined.

Mrs. Turnover was watching for her darling, impatient to show her something that awaited her approval. Esther mechanically followed the good lady, but the sight of the object—her own bridal dress laid out in state—was, in her overwrought condition, too much for her. Uttering a loud despairing shriek, she sank upon the ground, surrendering herself for the moment to all the grief and horror of her position. Disguise was no longer possible. It would soon become necessary, for the safety of others, to warn those around of the probably increasing violence of the paroxysms.

The grief and terror of poor Mrs. Turnover would have turned her brain, but that, fortunately, the honest soul could not be brought wholly to believe that there was literally *no* hope—that a creature so fair and young, so innocent, so cherished, must die without remedy, and *such* a death! But the intrepid girl herself was the first to regain composure. She had to make the most of the brief interval of tranquillity the sedatives had obtained, and at once began her melancholy task.

She wrote to George, in terms such as the purest affection alone could dictate, informing him frankly of her condition, and entreating him to come to her *that night.* This letter was not to be dispatched to him till past noon; she had something else to do before they met.

Accordingly he only received it on his return from an afternoon ride, with what feelings I shall not attempt to describe. In his despairing anguish, one idea, almost like an inspiration, flashed across his mind. He remembered having heard, or read, that an eminent London practitioner, Sir Albert Ray, had, in his experience, met with two cases of admitted rabies, which had, notwithstanding, resulted in a cure. Catching desperately at this straw, he dispatched an instant express to London, imploring Sir Albert, who was an old friend and schoolmate of his father, to hasten to Rosedale with all possible speed. His fingers could hardly form the terrible word that was to warn Sir Albert how necessary was this speed. "More than one life depends on your coming," wrote George, yielding to the illusory hope. "She is my betrothed wife; I can not bear her loss." Then, mounting his swiftest horse, he flew to Rosedale.

Esther's next act, after writing to her lover, was to order a carriage. Nobody thought of remonstrance. There was something in her manner that forbade interference with any thing she might do. Alone and veiled she got into the carriage, and was driven to The Haie. There she asked if she could be permitted to see Miss Mulcaster alone—or, if not alone, with her mother.

Miss Mulcaster *was* alone, in the garden, but she had been somewhat indisposed. The servant hesitated.

"I too am an invalid," said Esther, smiling sweetly, and, lifting her veil, disclosed a countenance now white as a shroud. The servant turned and led the way.

Mildred was walking pensively on one of the side terraces. She turned with some surprise to meet the unannounced visitor.

"Forgive, I beg of you, this intrusion," began Esther.

The face and voice sufficed: Mildred waved the servant away. They were alone.

"My object is three-fold," said Esther; "to see you—to entreat your pardon—and to repair, if I may, the injury I have done to *you* and to another. My name is Esther Vann."

"Esther Vann!" exclaimed Mildred, the color rushing into her cheeks, "and you come—"

"Suffer me to speak," said Esther, "and do not wonder nor be alarmed. I am dying. I have but a few short hours to live, and those, perhaps, marked with such agony as to make death, imminent as it is, too tardy. Again I pray you not to fear, but in charity to hear my words. I am dying from the poison of a mad dog's foam infused into an accidental scratch on my hand. You turn pale, and look pitifully on me. That is kind and hopeful, for my time—" she pressed her hands forcibly on her bosom: "I must be quick. Miss Mulcaster, you were to have been George's wife. He loved you—will do so still. As for me, it was a short and transient dream. If he has wronged you, oh forgive him! has not *he* something to forgive? Take back from my dying hand the treasure I had no right to win. He—he is coming to-night. I have written to him to come and bid me farewell. Let me have *this* comfort—dying so young—that I have reunited those hands that should not have fallen asunder; reunited them, never to part again until we all

meet beyond the tyranny of doubts, and pains, and tears." As she concluded she sank at Mildred's feet.

The latter, weeping, stooped to raise and embrace her, but Esther refused.

"Speak, only speak! Answer me, do you grant my prayer? What shall I say to him when he comes?"

"Say," whispered Mildred, drowned in tears, "say that *I* have nothing to forgive, much to repent of."

"Enough! I will go," said Esther, rising with difficulty to her feet; and resisting, with a sort of mingled fierceness and entreaty, Mildred's eager offers of support and succor, made her way to the carriage and returned to Rosedale.

All that day the convulsive paroxysms recurred at intervals, the progress of the disease being apparently but slightly checked by the palliatives to which she had recourse. The patient became more and more intolerant of light; the slightest touch increased her suffering, and the mere mention of any fluid nourishment brought on the convulsive tremor.

It was dark when George arrived. It would be needless to depict the young man's passionate despair. In vain he had striven to nerve himself for the meeting. The sight of her he loved dying in such a manner, and for *him*, broke down his manhood. Of the two, Esther was the more composed. She made him sit beside her, and, having somewhat calmed his sorrow, told him, after due preparation, what she had done that day, ending by entreating him, as he would impart some comfort to her dying hour, to accept the peace she had prepared for him, and seek, in the renewal of his earliest—perhaps most warranted—attachment, forgetfulness of this sharp but transitory grief.

George heard her with doubt and bewilderment, as if he hardly understood her words, or thought them expressions of delirium; but she convinced him to the contrary, and pressed her entreaties in such wise that he at length gave way.

"If it be my misery to live," he said, in a broken voice, "I will do it. I will do *any thing* that you command."

"I am happy," said Esther, softly. Soon after she sank into an exhausted sleep.

To the surprise of those around there was on the morrow no aggravation of the symptoms. The dread march of the disease seemed to be arrested. But Mr. Woford warned them against any delusive hopes, adding, with truth, that such periods of relief were known to occur.

George's express returned from London almost as swiftly as he had sped thither. He brought a letter from Sir Albert Ray, containing—as might indeed be expected—but little comfort. The eminent physician had cases on his hands as urgent, if less distressing, but would use his utmost endeavors to comply with George's summons. He cautioned his young friend, however, to expect no real benefit from his coming; and, adverting to the cases instanced by George, owned that there was reason to believe that the parties in question might have been inoculated with the virus producing rabies at some antecedent period unknown to themselves. He added some brief suggestions for the patient's medical attendants.

"Just what I am doing," remarked Mr. Woford, with a satisfied air.

It was not until the fourth morning had dawned that Sir Albert Ray drove up to the cottage. His eye caught the open windows.

"She lives yet!" he thought, with some surprise.

The next moment he was beside the bed of the fevered-tossing patient. George was astonished at the calm, confident, almost cheerful face with which the renowned physician gazed upon a case which every one felt to be hopeless, and he presently descended to the drawing-room, there to await the word of doom.

When Sir Albert rejoined him the look of confidence had vanished. He pressed his young friend's hand.

"No hope?" murmured the latter.

"There *should* be none," replied the other. "I shall see her again, when I have spoken with her medical adviser—Mr. whom did you say—Woford. He is sent for, I think. This is, you say, the *fourth* day—the *fourth?*" (George assented.) "That is unusual..... but there is no absolute rule." And the doctor fell into meditation.

"Has this poor lady made frequent allusion to the *cause* of her attack?"

"Very frequent."

"Is she acquainted with the ordinary symptoms of the disorder?"

"Too well, I fear!"

"Hem! It may be so," said Sir Albert, thoughtfully. "Has she complained of a rising—a globular feeling (if I called it by its name, *clavus hystericus*, you wouldn't understand me) in her throat?"

"From the first."

"Where the deuce is Woford?" said Sir Albert, starting from his chair. "One question more, by-the-by. Had she suffered from any sudden and violent impulse of emotion?"

"None that I am aware of," said George; "but—"

"Stay you here," said the physician, and vanished.

The ten minutes that followed seemed interminable. When his step was heard returning George's heart stood still.

"Can you bear *hope?*" were the first words he heard. "Mind, I say *hope*—no more. Then," continued Sir Albert, without waiting for an answer, "give me a magnifying-glass. Look at the toy they offered me above." (He showed Mrs. Turnover's spectacles.) "Nay, as I'm a living doctor, here's my own. How came I——I remember. Come with me."

They went up stairs. Esther was sitting up in bed, pale as death.

"There's a complexion for you!" cried the doctor, exultingly. "Talk to me of rabies, with a face like *that!* Woford was a baby, and, 'faith, I'm not much better for listening to you all instead of attending to my work myself. Come, miss, I must have another and a closer peep at that hand. Out with it!" He applied the glass very carefully, looking at it again and again. Then he fumbled a little with his waistcoat-pocket, and presently saying, sweetly, "Now *don't* scream," probed the open wound with a touch that absolutely wrung from the patient the shriek he had deprecated. It was but that single touch. He waved something aloft.

"There's your mad dog!" he shouted. "Rabies! hydrophobia! Hydrofiddlestick! A rose-thorn and a lacerated nerve. In no more danger than *I* am! A sudden emotion brought on hysteria. Her own imagination did the rest. The case is uncommon. Keep her quiet—light solids. See, I am going to lie down for two hours. If, by that time, my lady here is not drinking like a little fish I'll resign my diploma."

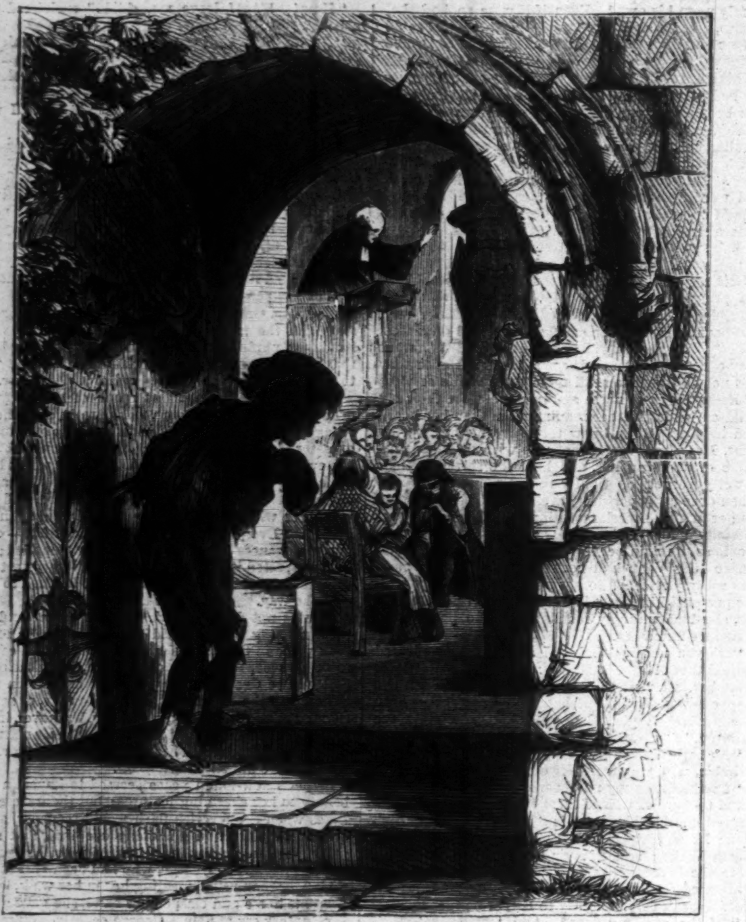
The doctor was right. In two hours he had departed, carrying with him countless blessings.

It was the fifth morning. The lovers—such, alas! they were—sat together for the last time, for Esther was inflexible. George's oath and promise must be held as sacred as though her own life had not been ransomed from the fearful doom that seemed to threaten it. Her whole soul was devoted to the task of reconciling him to the separation, which was inevitable, and must be immediate.

How far she succeeded there is no occasion to relate. The trial was not decreed.

George was summoned away for a few moments, and in his place there was kneeling a veiled figure. The veil was thrown aside, and never did Mildred's angel-face look more angelic than while she whispered:

"My darling! I come to give you back your own. My compact was not made with the living Esther, but the dead. He is yours, and my blessing with him; for you have taught me a noble lesson, that shall not be lost upon this selfish heart. And do not fear or grieve for me. When we meet, in pleasant days (I hope) to come, I shall be able to confess that my happiness, which deserved a deadly wound, has, like this dear hand, after all, sustained but a *mere scratch.*"



LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON—"HE STANDS AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH PEEPING IN."

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

HE stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him:
A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty—
His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
And hunger has withered his beauty.

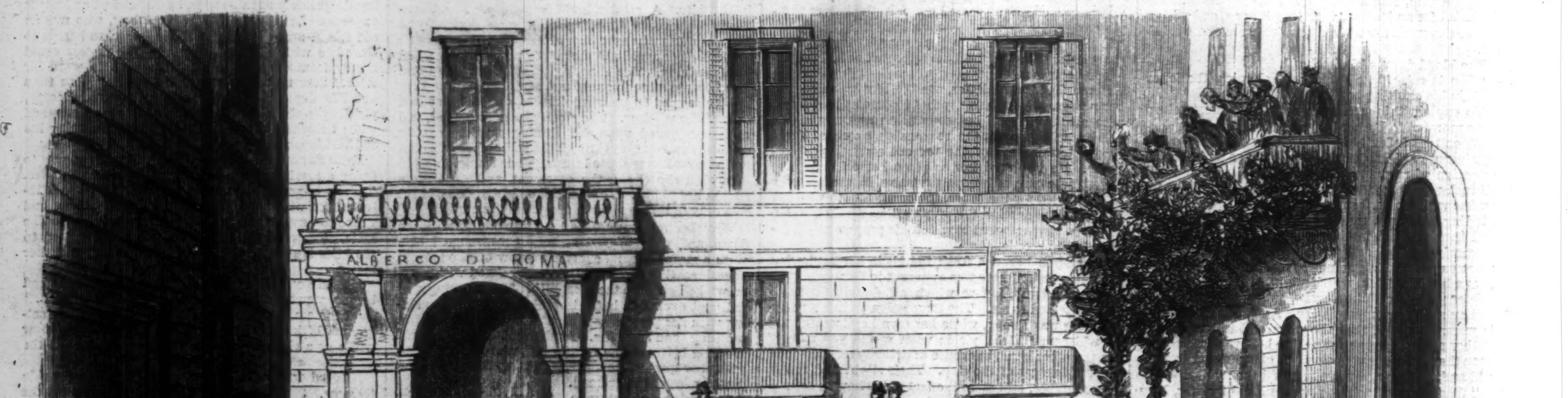
The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
Seems growing more angry each minute—
He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it.
He scolds at the people who sit in the pews—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses.
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes:
In his rags—he feels proud of their dresses!)

The Parson exhorts them to think of their need
To turn from the world's dissipation—
The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed—
Pat listens with strong approbation!
And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly—
"Shure, give me my dinner," says he, with a smile,
"And a jacket—I want them quite badly!"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries—who so willing to cry it?—
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm *such* a poor boy:
You said so—now *don't* you deny it!"

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed Parson!
The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper, he wants better teaching;
But the white-headed Parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on.
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years when Pat, handsomely drest—
A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best.
He says, "Och! shure, the master's ould sermin!"



VISIT OF THE POPE TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA IN ROME.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE OLD STORY.

I WAS a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and of constancy,
And he saw the tears to my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me!

He whisper'd low when the spring-time flew,
Of the tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted: yes! but I clung to him,
And I put up my lips to be kissed again:
But the laughing eyes of the heav'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread;
They talk'd of ruin and tears alone,
And my heart was dull as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet—
'Twas the same old tale that is often told—
They play'd on the strings of my heart's conceit,
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walk'd to the altar and there I lied;
For my heart was away with the primrose spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
'Twere better, I think, for a woman to die
Than to live the life I lead.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the ruin of winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose-crown of spring
Will return to me again.

THE OLD STORY—"I SOLD MYSELF TO A LOVELESS THING."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WITH the changing season and the confirmed cold weather a change is taking place in the form of the chapeau, which now covers more of a lady's head than has been the case for many months past. Velvet promises to be the favorite material, and blue, black, and gray, of every variety of shade, are the colors chiefly in vogue. The trimming is extremely simple, and consists either of jet ornaments or glass beads and lace, with occasionally a small ostrich feather, a bow of ribbon, or a single flower at the side. Bonnets of pale blue velvet, trimmed with white lace, and having white satin strings, are much in favor. Those of black velvet are frequently bordered with a narrow cerise-color piping, and are occasionally turned up very slightly at the edges. The trimming in this case is merely a simple rose at the side. Strings, which are worn extremely long, are, according to the shape of the chapeau, tied either under the chin or else beneath the chignon. Spite of the sharpness of the weather, the chapeau Mantille-Maintenon, which is rectangular in front, perfectly flat, and is made either of crape or tulle, with occasionally a hanging border of lace, is a good deal worn. The strings, which are passed over the top of the chapeau, cover the ears, and are tied tightly under the chin, generally in a very large bow, or else they are embroidered over with glass passementerie, and hang loose below the chin, à la chaine Benoiton; in which latter case a second pair of strings of narrow ribbon is tied under the chignon, the ends of which, being very long, float in streamers down the back.

Casaques, which are still worn short, are made of velvet, cashmere, and cloth; the fashionable colors being maroon, deep violet, and black. Those which are of black velvet, and covered almost entirely with jet ornaments, seem to be most in favor. The lower edges are still cut into the most fantastic shapes; the sleeves at times fit close to the wrists; at others they are full and open, the cuffs being slashed in some fanciful form. The lining is invariably of some brilliant color, such as crimson, pale blue, mauve, or Magenta. Casaques of astrakan are likely to be much worn this winter, and attempts are being made to introduce pardessus of black silk, lined throughout with fur. These invariably hang loose upon the figure.

For robes, velveteens, trimmed with jet buttons, are getting much in favor. A new robe, called the Clarisse-Harlow, after RICHARDSON's immortal heroine, promises to become very fashionable every where this season. It is made *à queue*, and is of satin, moire, or taffeta, and may be worn indiscriminately for visiting, dinner-parties, soirées, etc. The front of the jupe is perfectly straight, without plaits, and behind is a long train. When trimmed with dentelle Cluny this robe presents a most elegant appearance; it is, however, generally worn extremely plain, with the corsage and jupe to correspond, the bottom of the jupe being perhaps slashed with satin of the same shade of color as the robe. For evening-dress we have sea-green foulards spotted over with small white-shaded flowers and trimmed with taffeta; with a square corsage cut *à la vierge*, and an embroidered *canezou* and long muslin sleeves with *entredeux* of Cluny. For walking-dress a new black silk has been introduced, entirely free from gloss. The robe is made without plaits and *à queue*; the front is trimmed with a *biais* of velvet satin bordered with white dentelle Cluny spotted with black. The corsage *à basque* is trimmed like the robe, the sleeves fitting closely, and being similarly trimmed in stripes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of foulard des Indes. Pardessus of cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments, with jupon to correspond. Chapeau of green velvet.

Fig. 2.—Jupon of poplin, with a border embroidered with black silk. The tunic, which is of a different shade of color, is trimmed with black taffeta. Paletot of cloth. Chapeau Mantille, with a rose at the side.

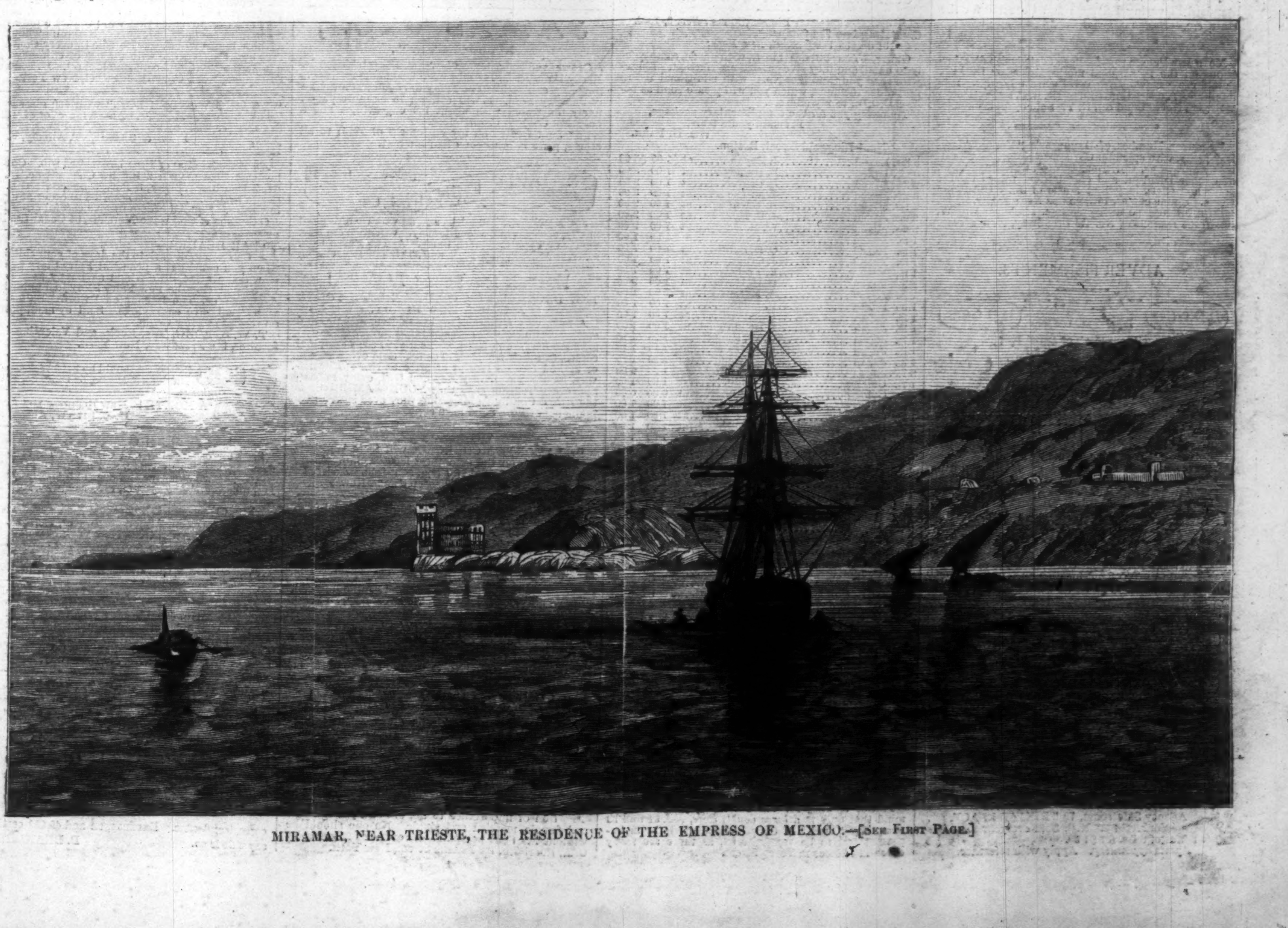
Fig. 3.—Robe Clarisse-Harlow, of foulard or taffeta, the seams trimmed with a silk cord, with a similar cord running round the bottom of the jupe. Black velvet paletot, trimmed with satin and jet ornaments. Chapeau of plaited gray velvet, with small ostrich feathers.

Fig. 4.—Robe of taffeta on a plaited jupon, the robe being caught up in tufts. Casaque peplum of cashmere embroidered with jet ornaments. Chapeau Mantille-Maintenon of black lace, also embroidered with jet.

ARTIFICIAL ANIMAL PRODUCTIONS.

THERE is a French legion called the "Zephyrs," which is composed of vagrants, who are compelled to serve as a correction for offenses committed by them. They are, nevertheless, for the most part jovial, amusing fellows, of whom the drollest stories are told. We note among others, as an artistic invention of a Zephyr, the phenomenon in Natural History which so puzzled the wise heads of the Parisian learned men; the celebrated long-snouted rat.

This animal has a proboscis like an elephant; that is to say, a long excrescence upon its nose of about two centimetres, and hairy like the rest of the body, the most remarkable feature of which is that it is thicker at the tip than at the upper end; an arrangement which is entirely opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature. Only recently a number of these long-snouted rats was exhibited before an immense crowd



MIRAMAR, NEAR TRIESTE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

of people upon the Boulevards in Paris and sold for six francs apiece. Twenty of them were enjoying themselves quite contentedly in a cage when some incredulous person, fearful of deception, pricked one of them in the snout with a needle. The animal, whose feet and mouth were held fast by the purchaser, squeaked and writhed with pain, and a drop of blood issued from the wound. The experiment proved conclusively that the proboscis was a real appendage which was organically connected with the whole system of the animal. The long-snouted rat is nevertheless a production of art, which is accomplished in the following manner: Two rats are taken and tied by the feet to a board, the nose of one being close to the tail of the other, an incision is made with a small knife in the nose of the hinder rat, into which is firmly inserted the point of the other's tail; the mouth is then firmly bound together with the amputated tail, and both rats are left in the same position for forty-eight hours. After the lapse of this time the living flesh has taken root and grown together, two or three centimetres length is then cut from the tail of the first rat and he is set free. The mouth of the other is unbound, but it is still kept tied to the board and fed, and in the course of a month the wound is so completely healed that the sharpest eyes could never detect a trace of the operation. The old Zouave who exhibited these rats sold them all with great rapidity, and it is said that a scientific man bought a pair of them for the purpose of propagation. They no doubt will produce many, but the proboscis will be wanting.

A Reliable Advertising Agency is that of Mr. S. R. Niles, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Boston, Mass. We have had business transactions with Mr. Niles for a number of years, and he has uniformly been prompt and honorable in meeting his engagements. If all advertising agents were as honest as Mr. N., there would be a good many less swindling concerns in the Atlantic cities—such concerns as annually "swing around the circle" of country publishers, seeking whom they may—cheat.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Rural New Yorker, Nov. 10, 1866.*

LETTER FROM MRS. GENERAL GRANT.

The following letter, addressed to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company by Mrs. General Grant, expresses the opinion of every lady who has ever used a Grover & Baker Machine:

Gentlemen,—It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of the Family Sewing Machine manufactured by your Company. I have had one of them in my family for some two years; and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how any thing could be more complete or give better satisfaction.

The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and was presented to me by friends who purchased it at the Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia in 1864.

Very truly yours, etc.,
Mrs. U. S. Grant.

Washington D.C., *October 24, 1866.*

Demorest's Monthly Magazine, the Model Parlor Magazine of America, combines reliable Fashions, popular Music, brilliant and original Stories, magnificent Engravings, illustrated Poems, Architecture, full-size Patterns, and other valuable features. The December Number, with splendid Christmas novelties, now ready.

"Burnett's reputation is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of his preparations."—Burnett's Standard Flavoring Extracts and Cocoaine for the Hair, &c.—*Boston Journal.*

Moth and Freckles.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

December Number of Demorest's "Young America" ready, with splendid Christmas Novelties, Christmas Engravings, Christmas Stories, Christmas Toys, and other beautiful and entertaining things for the Boys and Girls, including Music of Jolly Old Santa Claus. Single copies, 15c., mailed free; yearly, $1 50, with a Microscope as a premium. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, No. 473 Broadway, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.& Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality. Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

SAVONINE

A CONCENTRATED SOAP for Family, Laundry, and Hotel use. Half the Soap and half the Labor, and your Clothes are Cleaner, Brighter, and Sweeter—a result magical as pleasing and satisfactory. SAVONINE will not run the most delicate color, proving it can not injure the most delicate fibre. The cost so small, the result so great, that the poorest housekeeper, when familiar with its value, will call it

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Now manufactured in this country by the GLAMORGAN SOAP COMPANY.

Agency Salesroom, 70 TRINITY PLACE, New York. ☞ N.B. Sold everywhere, in boxes of 6 lbs. for $1 50. *Agents appointing.* Apply with reference.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for all the profit he can get.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

Boston, Mass., *Nov. 6, 1866.*

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Gents,—Your bill of 1st inst., with goods, came safely to hand, and they give general satisfaction. I herewith send you Club List No. 2, with additional list to first order included, which you will please send as before, C.O.D., to my address.

Thanking you for the complimentary package,
I remain yours truly,
Wm. H. Park.

No. 1 Ringgold Street, Boston.

5 lbs. Mixed	J. Heyan	at	$1 00	$5 00
5 lbs. Mixed	E. Henley	at	1 00	5 00
2 lbs. Mixed	L. Grover	at	1 00	2 00
3 lbs. Mixed	J. M. Lee	at	1 00	3 00
2 lbs. Mixed	H. Litchfield	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Mixed	J. D. Holmes	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Mixed	W. H. Hardy	at	1 00	2 00
1 lb. Mixed	H. Cohn	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	C. H. Smith	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	J. Grundy	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	E. Francis	at	1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Mixed	C. H. Haven	at	1 00	2 00
1 lb. Mixed	A. M. Small	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	F. Barton	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	F. Jarbell	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	I. Dendergust	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	G. W. Rodgers	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	C. E. Cook	at	1 10	1 10
1 lb. Japan	Mrs. Gould	at	1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	C. W. Hardy	at	1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	A. Craig	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	J. Prudin	at	0 80	0 80
1 lb. Oolong	G. French	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	C. H. Smith	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	R. Forbes	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	C. Hessie	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	G. Petter	at	1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	E. Francis	at	1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Oolong	J. Pinkham	at	0 70	1 40
3 lbs. Oolong	J. Pinkham	at	0 80	2 40
1 lb. Imperial	W. Hunt	at	1 25	1 25
1 lb. English Breakfast	M. Burk	at	1 20	1 20
1 lb. English Breakfast	T. Young	at	1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Mixed	J. Bradley	at	1 00	2 00
2 lbs. F. B. Coffee	L. Cobb	at	30	60
4 lbs. F. B. Coffee	L. Grover	at	30	1 20
1 lb. F. B. Coffee	S. Bell	at	30	30
1 lb. Ground Java	S. Bell	at	40	40
2 lbs. F. B. Coffee	C. H. Haven	at	30	60
1 lb. F. B. Coffee	G. W. Rodgers	at	30	30
1 lb. Ground Java	G. W. Rodgers	at	40	40
2 lbs. Ground Java	J. Hakeman	at	40	80
1 lb. Ground Java	J. D. Stall	at	40	40
Total				$59 35

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Marion Harland's New Novel is now Ready!

SUNNYBANK.

By Marion Harland, Author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," "Husbands and Homes," &c., &c. 1 vol., 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.
SHELDON & CO., New York.

THE SEASON OF STORMS.

The blasts of autumn and the chill storms of early winter are apt to make sad inroads upon the constitutions of the feeble. In old times, at the commencement of every season, it was the fashion to take a strong cathartic as a safeguard against a change of temperature. It was a worse than senseless practice. The people of our day understand the matter better. Instead of depleting the system they reinforce it. In the method they adopt they exhibit a wise discrimination. Instead of resorting to the vitiated stimulants of commerce, or any of the compounds derived from them, they put their faith in the only absolutely pure invigorant procurable in the market—

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Their faith is well founded. Never has any tonic medicine been prepared with such scrupulous precision and conscientious care. It is a vegetable compound of which every ingredient is sound, wholesome, and *medicinal* in the true sense of the word. Now we have three prominent national complaints. One half of the adult population of the United States suffer more or less either from diseases of the stomach, derangements of the liver, or affections of the kidneys. In no other land under Heaven are these maladies so general as in this country, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is a specific for them all, unless organic in their origin, and therefore beyond cure. And let those who are fortunate enough to be exempt from them at present understand one great fact, viz.: that an occasional use of this vitalizing tonic will as certainly prevent them as the sun will prevent the earth from freezing where its genial beams descend.—*Communicated.*

WHO WANTS A NEW RIFLE?

Every way superior to the Needle Gun. Who wants a splendid Piano, Melodeon, Sewing Machine, Knitting Machine, Washing Machine, Clothes Wringer, or a Library of choice Books, including New Physiognomy? All these are given as Premiums for Clubs of Subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867. Send stamp for circular to FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

A certain cure for Piles, Burns, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Old Sores, and all Skin Diseases.

DALLEY'S

MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. Sold every where. Sent by mail, 35 cts. H. DALLEY, 49 Cedar St., N.Y.

WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month, Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 5 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

JAMES VICK,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

Grower and Importer of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Hardy Bulbs, &c. My new Seed Catalogue for 1867 is now in press, and will be ready to send out on the 1st of January next. It will contain 75 or more pages, finely illustrated with about 100 engravings, and a beautiful Colored Frontispiece.

☞ Sent free to all my customers of 1866; to all others, price 15 cents—not half the cost.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. Adams Press Company, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

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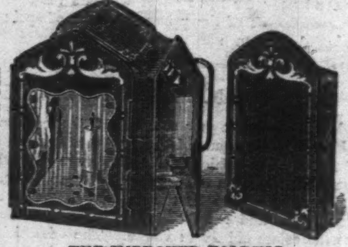

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IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
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COMMENCEMENT OF VOL. XXXIV.

Harper's Magazine

For December, 1866.

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
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